Newport Mercury.

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The Mercury.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

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Established June, 1758, and is now in its one hundred and sixty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

At the weekly meeting of the board of aldermen on Thursday evening, a report was received from the committee on new school buildings, recommending certain changes in the plans for the new Sheffield School to improve the appearance and strength of the building. These included granite steps and thresholds instead of concrete, and also the substitution of limestone for concrete in several parts of the building. The recommendations were approved by the board and the changes adopted. These details were some of the items that were changed in the amended specifications in order to permit of the building being erected within the amount of the appropriation, but it is now found that there will be money enough to permit of these changes.

A claim for $500 damages from Mr. William S. Rogers was received and referred to the city solicitor. This grew out of the moving of one of the buildings from the old Central street property now occupied as the site for the High School extension. Mr. Rogers claims that when he bought the building he was given assurance that it could be moved through the streets, but the moving was constantly hampered and that he was put to much additional expense thereby.

A claim for $269 from Mr. Bradford Norman for damage to poultry by a dog was received. The appraisers alleged that there was reason to believe that the dog belonged to Captain F. T. Arms, U. S. N., and the City Clerk was directed to send a bill to him for the amount claimed.

COOK FATALLY BURNED

Miss Annie Doyle, a cook in the employ of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Stork at their summer home in Jamestown, was fatally burned on Thursday. She was engaged in preparing lunch when her clothing caught fire from the stove. Prompt assistance was rendered and the flames were extinguished as quickly as possible. Dr. Henry Ecroyd was quickly on the spot and rendered first aid, but found her condition so serious that a launch was procured and she was rushed to the Newport Hospital. From the first her condition was regarded as practically hopeless and she died early Thursday evening.

Wonder if the Newport Beach Commission noticed the seaweed last Sunday when they paid a visit of inspection to that resort. The Commission will either have to arrange with Neptune not to send the weed into the Beach or else arrange with the new lessees to remove it after it arrives. The latter offers no very serious problem and it would certainly please the bathers.

John Croughan of this city is held in default of $1500 bail in Fall River on a charge of assault on Frank H. Gardner of Swansea with intent to rob while armed with a dangerous weapon. The alleged attempt at robbery occurred near the Swansea car barn on the night of August 2, and Mr. Gardner was wounded by a revolver shot, but escaped his assailants.

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Harvey and their children are enjoying an outing at Miskiana.

Some striped bass of good size are being landed on the shore.

SHOT FROM AIRPLANE

One of the most serious exhibitions of recklessness that has been noted in this section for many years occurred on Monday afternoon, when a motor boat party off the shore of Hope Island was spattered by machine gun bullets from an airplane, a young woman being seriously wounded in the leg and the boat being so completely riddled with bullets that it was with difficulty that it was kept afloat. Admiral Robertson has notified the Navy department at Washington of the affair and is conducting a thorough investigation. That it was one of the Navy flying boats there seems to be no question, and the six men who composed the crew of the N-92 have been closely interrogated. A Court of Inquiry has been ordered.

A party of three men and two women had been out for a day's berrying, leaving Oakland Beach in a small motor boat for the trip down the Bay. In the afternoon they saw the airplane coming from the direction of Newport, and also noticed that the machine gun was firing, but did not suspect that it would fire in their direction. The plane seemed to pass almost directly overhead and the shots continued to pour from the gun, Miss Buxton being wounded in the leg and many holes being made in the bottom of the boat through which the water poured.

While some members of the party bound up the injured woman, others devoted themselves to bailing out the boat, and after a hard struggle they succeeded in reaching Oakland Beach, where medical aid was secured. Complaints were filed at once, and an investigation was immediately begun, the number 92 having been observed on the airplane.

The crew of that craft were astounded when they were informed in Newport of the affair. They did not deny that they had been up the Bay and had been engaged in machine gun firing, but they had seen no boat in their course and had no idea of the accident. While this kind of practice is supposed to be done outside the Bay, the weather on that day was so rough that the airplane was turned up the Bay. It is said that this was in direct violation of orders.

Sunday, September 11, will be a big day for the members of the Loyal Order of Moose in Newport. On that date Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in President Harding's Cabinet and the Supreme head of the Order, will pay a visit to Land's End Lodge of this city, and will be given an elaborate entertainment. A committee headed by Mr. James W. Thompson, Past Dictator of the local Lodge, has been working on the plans for several months, and now has the programme for the day well in hand. Former Governor Beeckman will probably escort Mr. Davis from Providence to Newport.

More oily scum was found upon the waters of the inner harbor Thursday morning and complaint was at once made to the proper authorities. Although there was a disposition to place the blame upon the Newport Gas Company for previous offenses of this character, there was nothing to indicate any fault oftheirs on this occasion. Only a small section of the harbor was affected, but it was sufficient to kill some 200 pounds of lobsters.

Mr. Alexander Nicol, the well known contractor of this city, was united in marriage on Tuesday to Miss Lena H. Congdon of Bristol, the ceremony being performed in the parsonage of the State Street M. E. church in Bristol by Rev. G. E. Edgett.

Mr. Michael Stoneman has applied for an injunction restraining the foreclosure of a mortgage on his property on Cottage street by the Polisheen Manufacturing Company. A hearing on the preliminary injunction will be heard in the Superior Court in Providence on August 24.

The members of Coronet Council, No. 63, Royal Arcanum, will enjoy a moonlight sail to East Greenwich next Monday evening. Grand Regent Thomas B. Tanner and other prominent officers of the Grand Council will be in the party.

The Coen estate at Kay and Ayrault streets has been purchased by Mr. and Mrs. Frederick B. Coggeshall, who will probably convert it into an apartment house.

Newport Post of the American Legion will participate in the joint outing of ex-service men at Quonset Point next Sunday. A big time is promised.

NEWPORT COUNTY FAIR

The Newport County Fair will be held on the grounds of the Society in Portsmouth on September 20, 21, 22 and 23, and promises to equal if not excel any of its predecesosrs. Under the able management of President I. Lincoln Sherman, the Fair has grown wonderfully since its first venture, being the equal of any fair in the State.

The Premium Lists for 1921 will be ready for distribution in a day or two, being now in the bindery. There is not a great deal of variation from previous years, a few changes being made to fill vacancies in superintendents or secretaries of certain departments.

A few of the department lists have been entirely revised this year, including the Art department, and some of the Domestic Manufactures. The Automobile Show will be held throughout the week. The Dog Show will take place on Tuesday. The latter, which was a successful innovation last year, will this year be under the direction of the Newport County Kennel Club, and will be an A. K. C. sanction.

The prize list and schedule for the Horse Show has been completely revised this year, more time being allotted to the classes for polo ponies, which have been a successful attraction in the past.

From now on Secretary James R. Chase, 2d, will probably be a very busy man.

AUTOMOBILE FATALITY

Joe Perry, a Portuguese farm hand in the employ of Mr. Henry I. Chase of Middletown, was instantly killed late Friday evening of last week, and his companion, Antonio Goularte, was seriously injured, when the two men were struck by an automobile near the residence of Mr. Philip Caswell, just across the Middletown line. The automobile contained two army officers who were returning to Boston, after an official trip to Newport, the machine being owned by the Army. A careful investigation was made by the police, but no arrests were made, as there seemed no reason to doubt the story told by the chauffeur.

According to his story, the machine was proceeding at a moderate pace, and the headlights had been dimmed because of an approaching auto. Upon switching the lights on again, the men were seen walking immediately in front of the car, and although the machine was quickly swerved, it was impossible to avoid striking them.

The Newport police were notified, and Medical Examiner Sherman happened along, making an official examination. The dead man was conveyed to an undertaking etablishment and his companion was taken to the Newport Hospital. Town Sergeant Bloomfield of Middletown was notified and conducted an investigation.

Mr. William Binney, who died suddenly at Watch Hill on Monday, was a son of the late William Binney, who owned a handsome summer residence on Catherine street. Mr. Binney was a member of the brokerage firm of Wilson, Slade & Co., of Providence, and was a member of the leading clubs of that city. He is survived by a widow and two married daughters.

A suit recently entered in the District Court promises to be of considerable interest when it comes to trial. Mrs. Lucinda Scott asks $500 damages from Chief of Police Tobin, Inspector Palmer, Patrolman Hanley and Prohibition Officer Edward H. Ball, alleging that they broke into her house without a warrant while she was away a short time ago.

The skidding of a motorcycle which he was operating Sunday afternoon caused a fall at Third and Cypress streets, resulting in a broken leg for Chief Commissary Steward Corlett of the U. S. S. Dixie. He is now under treatment at the Naval Hospital.

Lack of patronage has compelled the closing of the Casino Theatre, which was operated for a few weeks as a moving picture house by Mr. Commette, formerly lessee of the Opera House.

Rev. Nathaniel J. Sproul is visiting friends in this city, where Mr. Sproul was formerly minister of the First Presbyterian Church.

The retail trade committee of the Chamber of Commerce are planning for a Merchants Carnival.

Mrs. Harwood E. Read has returned to Washington.

NEWPORT IMPROVEMENT ASSOCIATION

The annual meeting of the Newport Improvement Association was held at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society on Tuesday afternoon, when officers were elected and much business was transacted. Mrs. Paul Fitzsimons was unanimously elected president of the Association, and Messrs. John Thompson Spencer, Frank K. Sturgis, Dr. Roderick Terry and Dr. Henry Barton Jacobs were elected vice presidents. Rev. Stanley C. Hughes was elected secretary to succeed Senator Max Levy, and Mr. Peter King was re-elected treasurer. The members of the executive committee are Mr. John duFais, Miss Rosa Ann Grosvenor, Miss Ellen F. Mason, Mr. T. I. Hare Powel, Mr. George Henry Warren, Dr. Richard V. Mattison, and Mr. Arthur Curtiss James.

Reports were received from a number of committees, and there were discussions of several matters of general interest to Newport. The Beach matter was brought up, and the appointment of a committee was authorized to investigate the general situation and report back their findings to the Association. While the organization is deeply interested in the subject, it was thought advisable to have the whole body take action rather than to allow any committee to speak in the name of the Association.

The annual report of Treasurer Peter King showed a substantial balance in the treasury after completing the year's work.

MRS. ABRAM ALMY

Mrs. Anna W. Almy, widow of Abram Almy, died at her home on Broadway late Friday afternoon of last week after a long illness. She was one of a large family of children of the late Simeon and Mary Ann Stevens Hazard, of whom the only survivor is Mr. William S. Hazard.

Mrs. Almy was well known in Newport where she had many relatives and friends. Since the death of her husband nearly twenty years ago, she had carried on the coal business of the Abram Almy Company, displaying excellent business ability and good judgment.

Ten general helpers and four moulders from the Torpedo Station will be laid off at the end of the week, because of lack of work. It is possible that there may be more reductions in the force there within a short time, but the present announcement came in the nature of a disagreeable surprise to the large force of employes, as it was thought that there would be no necessity for reducing the force after the working days had been cut down from six to five days a few weeks ago.

Mrs. William Paine Sheffield has announced the engagement of her two daughters—Miss Lilias S. Sheffield to Mr. Wardwell Coles Leonard of New Bedford, and Miss Katherine R. Sheffield to Mr. B. Howland Sherman, son of Mrs. B. B. H. Sherman, now residing in Green Bay, Wisconsin. The double announcement was made at a tea at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William P. Sheffield, Jr., in honor of Mrs. S. Sanford Sheffield.

The annual baseball game between the teams representing the city officials and the summer residents will take place on Saturday of next week for the benefit of charity. The City Officials will be captained by Mayor Mahoney, while the Summer residents will be headed by Mr. Sumner Gerard. The make-up of the teams will be practically the same as last year, when a very creditable exhibition of the national game was given.

The General Grand Chapter of Royal Arch Masons of the United States of America will hold its thirty-eighth Triennial Convocation in the city of Asheville, North Carolina, commencing on Wednesday, September 28th, 1921. The Royal Arch Masons of Rhode Island will be represented by the first four officers of the Grand Chapter and the Past Grand High Priests, one of whom is Col. Herbert Bliss of this city.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Newport Historical Society will be held next Monday at the Society's rooms on Touro street. Miss Mary E. Powel will read a paper.

Mr. Henry M. Wheeler, Congressman Burdick's private secretary, has arrived from Washington for a visit in Newport.

The chancel of Emmanuel church is being re-decorated.

NEWPORT'S LARGE TAXPAYERS

(Continued from Last Week)

Gammell, Mrs. E. A. H.	50,000	200	00
Gammell, Robt. I., est	350,000	1400	00
Gammell, Eliza A. H.	129,400	2588	00
Gammell, Wm.	122,900	2458	00
Garretson, Fred P.	185,300	1306	00
Gash, Robert S.	16,900	338	00
Gerard, Mrs. Sumner	92,700	1854	00
Gerry, Angelica	450,700	4128	40
Gerry, Elbridge T.	296,600	5031	20
Gerry, Louisa M., est.	37,600	150	40
Gerry, Mabel	437,100	4220	40
Gerry, Robert L. and Cornelia H.	292,600	1170	40
Gibbs, Mrs. T. K.	428,400	3768	00
Gilbert, Mrs. Charles P. H.	34,700	694	00
Gill, Sallie Hargous	27,400	548	00
Gillespie, Mrs. Lawrence L.	218,400	1968	00
Gillespie, Lawrence L.	50,000	200	00
Gladding, Wm. B.	25,000	500	00
Glover, Thos.	18,900	378	00
Glyn, Mary R. H.	52,200	1044	00
Glyn, Wm. E.	28,000	560	00
Goelet, Ogden est.	750,000	3000	00
Goelet, Ogden, est.	689,700	13794	00
Goelet, Robt., est.	216,200	4324	00
Goelet, Robt. W.	755,000	3100	00
Goffe, Augustus, est.	37,400	748	00
Goffe, Ernest, est.	32,100	642	00
Goffe, Harriet	15,700	314	00
Gould, Marjorie H.	21,000	100	00
Greene Arthur L.	37,300	746	00
Greene, Wm. Brenton, Jr., and Richard J. A.	102,800	1745	60
Grinnell, Anna D. L.	30,000	120	00
Grinnell, C. Le Roy	23,600	352	00
Griswold, John N. A.	71,600	1426	00
Grosvenor, Rosa A.	359,400	3988	00
Grosvenor, Mrs. Robert	26,000	144	00
Grosvenor, Mrs. Wm.	101,100	2022	00
Groves, Mrs. J. E.	15,500	310	00
Gunther, Chas. E.	26,300	456	00
Haggin, Margaret V.	201,200	4024	00
Hague, Mrs. Arnold	68,600	1372	00
Haire, John T.	27,400	548	00
Haire, Joseph, est.	57,900	1158	00
Hale, Harriet S., et al.	36,800	736	00
Hamilton, Wm., est.	16,600	332	00
Hammett, A. & H. G.	20,000	400	00
Hammett, Harry G., et al.,	58,400	1168	00
Hammett, Joseph M., est.	27,200	544	00
Hammett, Wm. H.	34,800	616	00
Harriman, Mrs. Joseph	47,700	754	00
Harriman, May B.	23,700	474	00
Hart, Lena M.	21,800	436	00
Hartshorn, Isaac, dec.	168,900	1778	00
Harvey, Wm. R.	28,800	576	00
Haltub, Michael and John	62,900	1258	00
Havemeyer, Henry O.	42,900	858	00
Havemeyer, Theo. est.	31,900	638	00
Hayden, Fannie D., et al.	23,100	302	00
Hayes, Robert S.	30,600	612	00
Hazard, Abby C. and Rena	53,400	540	00
Hazard, Rev. Geo. R.	18,200	364	00
Hazard, James S.	19,200	304	00
Hazard, John A., est.	33,100	662	00
Helme, Roby L. est.	18,300	366	00
Herrick, Mrs. E. J.	17,900	358	00
Hess, Julia	35,100	702	00
Hess & Co.	25,000	500	00
Hidler, James D., est.	36,400	728	00
Hillhouse, Georgiana R.	24,400	488	00
Hill Top Co.	47,500	950	00
Hobbs, Eliot W.	21,000	100	00
Hobbs, Goodwin	21,000	100	00
Hobbs, Mrs. I. Goodwin	55,200	544	00
Hobbs, Louis H.	20,000	80	00
Hoffman, Zelia K.	104,900	2098	00
Hole, Wm. L.	15,000	300	00
Hone, Robert G.	39,000	460	00
Hoppin, Louisa H., est.	18,200	364	00
Horgan Mary H.	400,600	8012	00
Horgan, Patrick H.	234,700	4694	00
Horseman, Christopher	39,200	784	00
Hoyt, Maud Rives	19,500	390	00
Hoyt, Virginia Scott	39,700	794	00
Hunt, Mrs. Livingston	35,300	626	00
Hunter, Anna F.	174,900	1898	00
Hunter, Anna F. and Kate H. Dunn	23,900	478	00
Huntington, Mrs. O. W.	44,600	892	00
Hutton, Guan, est.	174,100	3482	00
Improved Tenement Building Assn.	22,200	444	00
Integlia, Antonio	19,700	394	00
Integlia, A. and Marianna	28,900	578	00
Ireys, Mrs. John	31,100	222	00
Iselin, Mrs. W. E.	30,400	608	00
Jacobs, Mrs. J. A.	19,100	382	00
Jacobs, Mary F.	311,200	6224	00
Jaffe, Morris L.	18,400	368	00
James, Arthur Curtiss	833,000	16660	00
James, Lucy W.	82,200	1644	00
Jay, Augustus, est.	50,000	200	00
Jay, Emily A. K.	278,000	1560	00
Jay, Peter Augustus	125,500	510	00
Jenckes, Ida K.	18,200	364	00
Jennings, Katherine M.	17,400	348	00
Jennings, Mrs. O. G.	62,900	1258	00
Johnson, John T.	17,400	348	00
Johnston, John D.	58,500	1051	00
Jones, Henry J.	66,500	1330	00
Jones, Mrs. Pembroke	210,600	4212	00
Judge, Annie	223,700	2074	00
Jurgens, Carl, Jr.	16,000	242	00
Kane, Elenora I.	173,800	1516	00
Kecher, Thomas F.	31,600	632	00
Keeler, T. F. and Herbert Bliss	223,500	4470	00
Keteltas, Alice, est., and Edith K. Wetmore	59,400	1188	00
King, Ella Rives	132,000	2240	00
King, Ethel	31,700	154	00
King, Mrs. Le Roy	374,000	3480	00
King, Ethel R., et al., trustees	46,600	932	00
King, Fred Rhinelander	33,800	196	00
King, George Gordon	346,000	2920	00
King, Georgianna Gordon	100,400	408	00
King, James O.	17,100	342	00
King, Le Roy	31,000	140	00
King, MacLeod Co.	65,300	1306	00
King Martha M.	16,500	330	00
King, Roland	33,200	424	00
Kinney, Mrs. Charles	26,000	520	00
Knight, Catherine, est.	20,900	418	00
Knight, Edward C., Jr.	343,500	6870	00
Koschny, Arthur S. et al.	19,900	398	00
Kraut, Abram	20,600	412	00
Langley, Alfred G.	39,700	341	20
Langley, Mrs. Wm. H.	19,100	382	00
Langley, Walter S.	62,600	1252	00
Langley, Wm. H.	24,500	490	00
Lanier, Harriet B.	45,500	910	00
Lawrence, Prescott	72,200	1444	00
Lawton, Bertha F.	28,100	562	00
Lawton, Edward N.	15,800	316	00
Lawton, Geo. P. and Henry	15,000	300	00
Lawton, Wm. H.	54,800	376	00
Leary, Michael T.	21,300	410	00
Ledyard, Lewis Cass	129,900	2598	00
Le Roy, Stuyvesant, est.	130,300	1006	00
Lang, Max	19,300	386	00
Leys, Wm. Co.	40,000	800	00
Libby, W. T. est.	16,600	332	00
Lieber, Mary	24,200	324	00
Liggett, Louis K. Co.	56,800	1136	00
Lippitt, Chas. Warren	176,300	3526	00
Listerated Gum Co.	150,900	3018	00
Livermore, Josephine W.	91,800	1836	00
Loew, Mrs. W. G.	162,400	3248	00
Loftus, Wm.	16,400	184	00
Lorillard, Katherine, trustee	50,000	200	00
Lorillard, Louis L.	51,100	1022	00
Lowell, Constance S.	31,700	634	00
Luce, John D. H., est.	206,000	920	00
Ludlow, Margaret T.	35,800	716	00
Lyman, Wm. P.	30,300	126	00
Mackenzie, Judson	16,400	328	00
Mackenzie & Winslow	16,000	320	00
McCagg, Mrs. Louis B.	294,800	1896	00
McCagg, Louis B.	83,700	474	00
McCagg, Louis B., trustee	30,000	120	00
McGowan, Daniel J.	21,200	424	00
McMahon, Andrew K., trustee	21,800	436	00
Mahan, John	21,600	522	00
Mahoney, John H. and L. F. Post	145,400	581	60
Mason, Ellen F.	581,800	5236	00
Mathers, Wm., est.	17,800	356	00
Mathews, Mary, est.	718,000	1436	00
Matteson, Frank W., trustee for Georgette Brown	243,600	3672	00
Matteson, Frank W., trustee for Sophia Augusta Brown	75,000	300	00
Matteson, Frank W., trustee for Sophia Augusta Sherman	454,700	1818	80
Matteson, Frank W., trustee	109,900	2198	00
Mattison, Richard V.	164,900	3298	00
Mayer, Matilda V.	20,000	80	00
Meikle, Andrew S.	15,900	318	00
Mercury Publishing Co.	19,100	382	00
Miller, J. Bleecker	37,400	508	00
Mills, Ogden	98,200	1964	00
Mirman, Jacob	25,300	506	00
Moran, Chas. and Martha	34,000	440	00
Morgan, Edwin D.	426,200	4524	00
Morgan, Elizabeth Wetmore	39,500	790	00
Moriarty, Mary S.	43,500	870	00
Morrell, Louize Drexel	66,500	1330	00
Morris, Alletta N. L.	31,200	624	00
Muenchinger, Amanda S., est.	74,000	1435	20
Murphy, Patrick J.	51,600	840	00
Nason, George, est.	19,600	392	00
Nass, Julius	17,300	346	00
Nass, Julius and Max Jaffe	16,000	320	00
Neill, Katherine R., est.	33,500	670	00
Neilson, Mary Isabel	100,000	400	00
Nelson, John and Samuel N. Booth, Jr.	96,900	1938	00
Nelson, John	27,500	390	00
New Cliffs Hotel Co.	26,200	524	00
New England Steamship Co.	82,600	1652	00
Newport Beach Assn.	50,000	1000	00
Newport Casino	164,200	3284	00
Newport Country Club	62,700	1254	00
Newport County Electric Co.	633,900	12678	00
Newport Coal Co.	47,000	940	00
Newport Fisheries Co.	50,200	1004	00
Newport Gaslight Co.	304,700	6094	00
Newport Ice Co.	35,400	708	00
Newport Paper & Grocery Co.	30,000	600	00
Newport, Providence St. Ry. Co.	28,000	560	00
Newport Reading Room	23,200	464	00
Newport Realty Co.	53,600	1072	00
Newport Trust Co.	132,500	2650	00
Newport Trust Co., ex'rs R. Little est.	20,000	80	00
Newport Trust Co., trustee T. A. Lawton est.	55,000	220	00
Newport Trust Co., trustee for Mrs. J. K. Van Rensalaer	30,000	120	00
Newton, Edward, est.	28,700	574	00
N. Y. Life Insurance Co., trustee for Marion L. Carroll	29,300	586	00
New York Yacht Club	42,800	856	00
Nicol, Alexander	38,600	772	00
Nolan, Patrick	16,000	160	00
Norman, Abby K., est.	27,500	110	00
Norman, Guy and Maxwell, trustee	539,700	2794	00
Norman, Louisa Palfrey	339,100	1982	00
Noyes, Charlotte B. L.	18,600	292	00
O'Connell, J. T., and Alexander Rae	16,300	326	00
O'Connell, James T.	35,900	718	00
Oelrichs, Blanche deL.	19,100	350	00
Oelrichs, Theresa A.	343,900	6878	00
Old Colony R. R. Co.	411,900	8238	00
Olmstead, Albert H.	47,400	948	00
Osgood, Wm. H., est.	100,100	2002	00
Oatby & Barton Co.	15,000	300	00
Paine, F. H.	39,600	792	00
Parmenter, Joseph G.	35,500	710	00
Parker, James A.	24,400	488	00
Paul, Florence S.	24,500	490	00
Pearson, Lesley Josephine	110,500	2210	00
Peckham Co., Thames St.	15,000	300	00
Peckham, Edward S., et al.	16,000	320	00
Peckham, Elizabeth S.	37,000	340	00
Peckham, Job A.	30,800	136	00
Peckham, Martha and Etta	20,100	178	00
Pell, Katherine L. K.	174,800	3496	00
Perry, Marian Lincoln	193,600	2872	00
Petersen, Wulf W.	15,500	310	00
Peterson, Otto	19,400	388	00
Petropoulos, Christos P.	15,600	312	00
Phinney, Rose D., est.	49,200	984	00
Phinney Theodore W., est.	19,200	384	00
Pierson, Mrs. Fred	41,100	822	00
Pietropinto, Michele	18,500	370	00
Pinard, Cazeau, est.	58,400	1168	00
Pitman, Theophilus T.	79,600	1192	00
Pitman, T. T., Corp.	15,000	300	00
Popple, G. G. and Amelia C.	27,000	540	00
Popple, Geo. H., est.	18,500	370	00
Porter, Mrs. F. B.	30,800	616	00

(To be continued)

CHAPTER I.

The Message in the Box.

Anticipating the possibility of my train arriving late, I had named the hour of my meeting with Cummings as three o'clock, and, in consequence of our reaching the city exactly on time, was compelled to loiter idly about the hotel for an hour. However, in passing through the corridor my attention was attracted by an unique curiosity shop occupying a small side room, and, merely to pass the time pleasantly, I entered and began examining the strange collection of wares on display.

There were several articles I lingered over, tempted to purchase, but drifted on, rather undecided, until my eyes perceived a very quaint lacquered jewel box, of a class of workmanship quite unusual. The proprietor, perceiving my interest, joined me.

"The jewel box attracts you," he said pleasantly, opening the case and bringing it forth. "You have love for such things?"

"A deep interest at least," I admitted, taking the article from his hand, "a collector in an amateur way. What is the workmanship—surely not Japanese?"

"No," smilingly. "Although positively I cannot answer as to its origin. The inscription, which can only be read with a microscope"—he traced with his finger—"is ancient Arabic, but no wild Arab ever did the lacquer."

"Yet so strange a curio must have a history, an imaginary one, at least. What is the story?"

"Positively none," he admitted regretfully. "The fact is, this article was found by a chambermaid in one of the hotel rooms, and turned in to the manager. He made every effort to trace the guests, only to learn that they, two men, by the way, had registered falsely. He even advertised, but with no response, and finally, after thirty days, was persuaded to accept my offer for the article."

"You have put a price on this?"

"Yes, ridiculously low, no doubt, yet bringing me a good profit."

He named a price, and, still with the box in my hands, I yielded to the temptation, and bought it. The article was sufficiently small to find lodgment in an overcoat pocket, and, as Cummings appeared a little later, was soon forgotten in the earnestness of our conversation. We later had dinner together, and attended the theater in company, my mind so occupied with other matters that I scarcely once thought of the strange purchase I had made, which remained securely hidden. It was only after returning to my own room, then nearing midnight, that it was again recalled to memory.

Only an idle curiosity and a feeling of sleeplessness induced me to draw the article forth, and remove its wrappings, but the sight served immediately to increase my interest. It was certainly a wonderful find, artistically beautiful, and most unusual in design. There was a mystery that must have exercised a strange spell over my imagination, for I dreamed of the long-dead workman who fashioned it, forgetful of the passing night hours. A clock somewhere in the neighborhood struck, and I counted twelve, arousing myself. Perhaps I was already half sleeping, for as I turned to rise my sleeve struck the box at the edge of the table, and before I could prevent the fall, it lay upon the floor at my feet.

As I stooped hastily to recover the overturned box, I was astounded to discover the bottom slipped partially aside, as though some secret spring had been touched, revealing so narrow a receptacle that the ordinary eye would never suspect the possibility of its existence. Not only was there a false bottom, but the opening revealed a closely folded paper. I grasped this quickly, a thrill running through me. What ancient and long-buried message was about to be unfolded?

But no! This was plainly modern—a clean, white sheet, no folded parchment of old, but some mystery of yesterday. There was writing there, in Spanish, so faintly traced I could barely decipher the words, yet clearly revealed as of this day and generation. I know Spanish fairly well, having had a year in Mexico City, yet it required some time before I could puzzle out the message on this sheet. The paper had been torn, seemingly sundered from a much longer letter, and preserved merely because of the specific address and instructions it contained. Beyond doubt all else had been destroyed. What remained may have been sufficient guidance to the party who had the benefit of what went before in the original epistle, but was obscure to anyone else. Yet it was modern, something relating to this very time, a menace; something to be grasped and understood. This conviction absolutely gripped me. I stared at the rather sinister words, blindly groping at what lay hidden behind them, instinctively scenting a conspiracy of evil which I could not determine. All unintentioned I had stumbled into a clew which might lead to startling results, yet it seemingly gave me no hint of who was involved, or of its real nature. I put the words together, weighing each one with care as to its exact meaning, and read them over with increased bewilderment. The torn fragment began and ended abruptly; I could only guess at its meaning, yet the impression left upon my mind was both sinister and menacing. I wanted to know more.

"108 sailed Saturday from Stockholm. Will deposit letter of credit with Krantz to your order. Amount ample all needs. See to this at once. And advise 376 Gans, so as to be no delay. Two raps, three—Cervantes. Waldron favors action this month; suggest Watonia. Can you be ready? Use South A code.

That this letter was authentic I had no doubt, nor was its meaning altogether obscure in the light of certain events. Several allusions were familiar to me and these were what caused my earlier suspicions to crystallize into probability. It bore all the earmarks of a plot, a revolutionary plot, and one not yet brought to consummation. To be sure the note was undated, and the box had been left at the hotel thirty days before. Yet the Watonia was certainly the name of a ship and to my memory suggested Central American trade. This did not necessarily imply that the conspirators had abandoned their purpose. More likely they were not quite ready in time to operate on the sailing date of that particular ship. Some delay had occurred, and, possibly, even now prompt action might overturn all their plans. I undressed and went to bed, but not to sleep, for the darkness brought new thoughts and suggestions for the morrow.

I was still in government employ, although unassigned, and felt this discovery to be a direct call upon my service. While my first inclination should naturally have been to turn the whole matter over to the proper bureau for investigation, two facts led me in another direction—I was sufficiently young to seek adventure, and I desired to verify my suspicions before creating any false alarm.

As I rested there, sleepless, staring up at the black ceiling, the words of the strange fragment of letter remained vividly before me. Little by little I dug at the truth, coming finally to this conclusion: "108" was, no doubt, the recognized number of some agent who had been dispatched to America on a special errand to the conspirators in this country. He had sailed Saturday, a month ago, or more, and must have long since arrived at some port, bringing with him instructions not to be intrusted to the mail, and sufficient money, in form of letter of credit, with which to finance whatever nefarious scheme of revolution might be contemplated. This money

Questioned Him Relative to the Mysterious Box.

was to be paid out to the authorized party through a man named Krantz. Who was Krantz? There was a well-known banking firm, Kulb, Krantz & Co., in Wall Street, and it was quite probable these might prove the ones involved, although to my knowledge they had no outward junta connections of this nature. "Gans" was evidently a street, although I could recall none bearing so peculiar appellation, while the password was in itself proof almost positive as to the South or Central American sympathies of the conspirators.

These facts were fairly clear as I thus weaved them together, but they were rendered more damning by the other name mentioned—Waldron. If this was Ivan Waldron, I had good reason to know the fellow, and to connect his activities with any scheme destined to embarrass the government. He was a professional agitator of the most pronounced type, a socialist radical, who in the past had openly advocated opposition to all law and order. Moreover, the fellow had a large and desperate following, to whom he was a high-priest. He was reported to be a Russian by birth, but spoke English without an accent, and I felt no doubt but what a sufficient amount of money would engage his interest in any desperate cause. The desire to "get" Waldron added zest to my interest in the affair. If he was actually at the head of these fellows, these plotters against the neutrality of the United States, the catch would be worth while.

As soon as possible next morning I sought out Burke, the manager of the hotel, with whom I had a speaking acquaintance, and, without confiding the extent of my discovery, questioned him relative to the mysterious box, and the guests who left it behind. Two men, he said, both well dressed, but with nothing particularly to distinguish them, had registered together late in the afternoon of Friday, September 27, and on request had been assigned to one room with twin beds and a bath. The larger man, who had inscribed himself as "P. S. Horner, Detroit," alone had a bag; his companion, known to the hotel as "Gustave Alva, Toledo, Ohio," being without baggage. The bill was paid the next morning by Horner, and the two departed together. It was an hour later when the chambermaid on that floor reported finding the box in the room vacated. After holding it for a day or two in expectation that it might be called for, no such inquiries being made, the hotel endeavored to trace the men, but to no avail. The fellows had either falsely registered, or were entirely unknown where they claimed residence. The first was the most probable condition. After thirty days, and having exhausted all reasonable efforts to find the rightful owner, the hotel felt legally justified in selling the trinket. That was all Burke knew of the matter, and his interest in it was not keen.

I am inclined to think now that I went at the problem without much system, and that any success achieved was through pure accident. During the forenoon I dropped in upon Clement Breckenridge, cashier of the Dover's National bank. We had been classmates at college, and I generally called on him when in the city. This time I led the conversation to Kulb, Krantz & Co., on the pretense that I had received mail from them relative to some recommended investment. Clement knew Krantz well and favorably, and my probing elicited the information that the man was Austrian by birth, but a naturalized citizen, rather deeply interested in political matters. If his sympathies were at all revolutionary he had carefully refrained from any such open expression. The firm had made a specialty of handling South American business, and had intimate financial connections in both Rio and Buenos Aires. The company ranked high in financial circles.

"The present war must have cost them a rather heavy loss," I hazarded. "However, this is nothing to me. By the way, Clement, do you chance to know of a Gans street in this town?"

"Gans? That is a new one on me. Try the city directory—there on the edge of the desk."

The name was not to be found, nor any other approaching it in sound or spelling, and I finally drifted out onto the street, really no wiser than when I first entered. I made one more effort, however, telephoning to a detective sergeant whom I knew well, as to the present whereabouts of Ivan Waldron. The last heard of Waldron, he was in West Virginia, speaking to striking miners; that was less than a week ago; he had not been seen in the city since.

The whole affair looked hopeless. About all I could do would be to send the torn note to the proper authorities in Washington, with a statement of how it came into my possession, and let them dispose of the matter in any way they deemed best. I wrote such a letter carefully on hotel stationery, and went down to mail it in the lobby. Before disposing of it in the mailbox I encountered the manager, Burke, and stopped for a word. We were still talking when a bellboy came up hurriedly with a message. Burke turned.

"What is it, George?"

"That Gans street party is on the wire, sir."

"Oh, all right. Excuse me, Severn, but I've been trying to get connection for an hour."

"But wait a minute," my veins tingling. "Did he say Gans street? Where is that? There is no such name in the city directory."

"Gans! Why, over in Jersey. Yes, I'm coming."

I thrust the unmailed letter into my pocket, and sat down, staring at the crowd in the lobby, but entirely indifferent to their presence. Here at least was an opening, a chance—Gans street was in Jersey City. Then it was not all a dream. I would at least look over the ground before I gave up in despair, for I had stumbled upon a way out of the blind alley—Gans street, Jersey City.

CHAPTER II.

A Man and a Woman.

It was late in the afternoon, the day dark, with a chilly wind blowing off the river, when I reached Jersey City. The first policeman encountered gave me all necessary directions, so that I alighted from a street car within a block of my destination. A saloon on the upper corner of the block furnished me the necessary clew, and, using it as a marker, I succeeded in tracing back until satisfied I had thus safely located "376." It was an abandoned factory, built of brick, two stories high, evidently extending over considerable ground at the rear, but with a frontage not to exceed forty feet. The lower windows were boarded up, a number of those in the second story broken, and the main entrance, large enough for the passage of a motor truck, was tightly secured by an immense iron bar. A smaller door to the right alone offered any possibility of entrance, although it was tightly closed.

To all outward appearances the place had been unoccupied for months, and perhaps years. From the sidewalk it was impossible to gain any glimpse within. Only one discovery served to convince me that I might be on the right track—that I had not been entirely deceived. A small sign, so covered with dust and dirt as to be almost unreadable, was nailed over the smaller door. In the growing dusk I was obliged to study it intently to decipher the words, but finally made them out letter by letter:

"OFFICE ALVA MALLEABLE IRON COMPANY."

Here was a strange coincident, if nothing more, for Gustave Alva had been one of the names signed on the hotel register. Beyond doubt this old, abandoned iron foundry was his property, and what better spot could be selected in which to meet and concoct a scheme of crime? What a place to hide arms for shipment. Whatever doubt I may have felt regarding my venture vanished in the presence of that unusual name. This was unquestionably the place named in the letter as a rendezvous; here was where the recipient of that letter was to go and receive instructions; where he was to use the mysterious raps, and the countersign "Cervantes," in order to gain admittance. The knowledge that I was actually upon the threshold of such a discovery brought with it a determination not to lose the advantage. But what could I do? What further steps might be safely taken alone?

The night was dark, a slight drizzle in the air, no one abroad except from necessity. No sign of life was visible for the full extent of the block, until the saloon on the further corner came into view. Its gleaming hospitality invited me, and I strolled along the opposite walk, my coat collar turned up to shut out the drizzle, and finally crossed over to where I could peer in

I Could Peer In Through the Dingy Window.

through the dingy windows. The man behind the bar was unmistakably Polish, and of no high type, and at first I saw no other occupants of the place except two roughly dressed men at a table just inside, who were playing cards silently. The room was clean enough, and quiet, yet I felt no inclination to enter. Those were not fellows it would be safe to question, and I would have turned away, but at that instant I perceived the indistinct figure of a young woman in the further corner, sitting beside a table alone.

Her presence stimulated my curiosity. She appeared to be young, not badly dressed, and her being in such a place unattended rendered her of some interest. It surely could do no harm if I dropped in for a sandwich and a glass of beer. I crossed to the bar; furtively watchful, but no one except the proprietor apparently paid the slightest attention to my entrance. The two men never glanced up from their cards, and the girl—for she was scarcely more—merely turned her head and stared at me without interest. I spoke to the barman in English. We exchanged a few words—his own speech very broken—while he prepared the sandwich, and the only thing unusual I noticed was the passage of a slight signal between him and the woman across the room. I could not be sure even as to that, but gained the impression that he shook his head negatively, as though to some mute question.

Unless it might be the intense brunette blackness of hair and an extremely clear complexion, there was nothing typically Spanish in her appearance. Indeed she impressed me as thoroughly American in features, dress and manner, somewhere in the twenties I should judge, with brown eyes, and a face decidedly pleasant to look upon, although with a firmness to it, expressed by mouth and chin, not to be mistaken. I noted these things hurriedly, never venturing to stare at her, though she apparently gave me no attention whatever. Somehow the girl seemed strangely out of place in that dingy saloon—she did not in any sense belong. She was evidently not there seeking company, nor was she drinking; and yet there must surely be some meaning to her presence.

The proprietor approached me, leaning one hand on the table.

"There is nothing more?" he asked.

"No, this will answer very well."

He lingered, tempted to question me.

"You have not been in before? Perhaps you do not live near?"

"I do not," I replied frankly. "I travel out of Boston, and sell lumber. I have been doing some business with the yard down below."

"I see. You are not from New York, I make it?"

"No; Boston has always been my home."

"Once I live there, too; when I first come north from Rio. What you think about this war? We lick Germany—hey?"

"Oh, I don't know; she seems to be more than holding her own."

"Ach, yes. But now this country go in; what then?"

I looked up quickly into his face, with a swift desire to test his real sentiment.

"This country! Why should it go in? There are Germans enough over here to stop that."

"Not Germans—no. But Internationals, revolutionaries. They are more than you think. 'Tis time for them to strike a great blow."

"You are Polish, are you not?"

"Yuh, from Warsaw. I come over six years."

"Naturalized?"

"I have first papers—why you ask?" suspiciously.

"I merely questioned from curiosity." My eyes wandered once more to the girl across the room, and he noticed the glance.

"You wonder what she do in here? he asked. "I tell you. She was my niece, an' sit here to wait for a friend to walk home with her. It is not a good neighborhood, this, for a woman alone in the dark."

"Her home is some distance?"

"Five—six blocks. It is a dark, bad way."

He moved back toward the bar, apparently satisfied with his examination of me, as well as his explanation. I wondered grimly why he had taken the trouble to tell me all this, and ordered another glass of beer as an excuse to linger there a while longer. What was the party like who was to call for the girl? I did not have to linger long to gratify my curiosity. The side door opened silently, and a man stepped briskly inside, shaking the raindrops from his coat as he greeted the barman cheerily.

"A dirty night, Jans," he said, glancing swiftly about, his eyes sweeping over me sharply. "Business not very good, I suppose?"

"Dead. It's no good now any more, with all the factories closing up because of the war. Just some gentleman drops in for a beer. That makes me nothings."

The newcomer laughed, evidently put quite at ease by this quick explanation. I was watching him. A rather thick-set fellow with a turned-up mustache and a disfiguring scar on one cheek, which gave to his eye a peculiar expression. Watching the fellow I must have missed some signal, for he whirled out suddenly and confronted the girl, who had already risen to her feet and stood expectantly, one hand yet resting on the table.

"Ah, senorita! You were waiting for me to come," he exclaimed. "Yet I have not kept you long."

"Oh, no," she answered quietly in Spanish, her voice so low the words barley carried to where I sat. "You were delayed?"

"A car blockade at the wharf. No, thank you, Jans, nothing tonight. You would go, senorita?"

"There can be nothing to remain longer here for, surely."

I watched them disappear through the side door, marking his grasp on her arm and her quick glance aside into his face. There had been something wrong about this meeting, something undeniably awkward and constrained. These two were not what they pretended to be—old-time friends meeting incidentally to walk home together. They were strangers; coming together there for the first time by appointment. Neither had previously known the other. I had even detected fear; doubt, in the expression of the girl's face.

Yet I dare not move, or attempt to follow them. I could only sit quietly, my eyes on the window fronting the street. I watched intently, but no shadows passed that way—they two had not turned down Gans street.

My mind worked rapidly as I sat there motionless, afraid to make the slightest move lest it arouse suspicion. Whatever the object of the meeting might be, Jans was more or less involved. He had signaled to the girl twice, and his words, however innocent they may have sounded, must have brought a warning to the man. Beyond doubt he had questioned me with the distinct purpose of thus discovering why I had drifted into the place. I dismissed utterly his statement that the young woman was his niece—her very appearance gave that the lie.

Something was wrong, perhaps not criminal, perhaps in no way associated with the affair which had brought me into that neighborhood, and yet sufficiently wrong, and I felt inexorably driven to find out what it all meant. I finished my beer slowly, and then selected a cigar from the case and lit it deliberately. Jans leaned over the bar, speaking confidentially, and I had to remain, although I cursed inwardly at the delay. Yet I broke away at last.

I Cursed Inwardly at the Delay.

assured that I had finally lulled every suspicion to rest and passed out through the front door.

The street was deserted and rain-swept, the few lights showing mere pin-pricks in the darkness. I plunged straight across the street, as though headed for the nearest car line, and then, in the shade of darkness, retraced my steps, passing the corner, until I attained the side entrance. Here, assured that I was safely beyond observation, I paused to gain some conception of my surroundings. Across from where I stood appeared the dim outlines of a long, rainshackle building, apparently a shed of some kind, while beyond the saloon was a row of one-story dwelling houses, seemingly exactly alike, and exhibiting no evidence of being occupied.

In which direction had the couple turned after their exit through the side door of the saloon—to right, or left?

Jans had unconsciously pointed in this direction when he told of where the girl lived, and, although that was doubtless a lie intended to deceive, it was no more than natural for him to have thoughtlessly designated the proper point of the compass.

I advanced cautiously, finding the narrow sidewalk one of boards, in very bad condition. It was only when I attained the end of this row of houses, and came to the entrance of a narrow, dark alley, that I found the slightest proof that I was, by good fortune, upon the right trail. It was above this opening that the incandescent bulb flickered dimly, yet, in spite of wind and rain, gave no glimpse of the mud underfoot. The two must have been the only ones passing that way since the drizzle began, for their footprints were yet visible in the soft mud of the crossing as they advanced beyond the safety of the board walk. By bending low, and keeping my own shadow out of the way, I was able to trace their progress for two or three yards quite easily, and then, to my surprise, the footprints turned abruptly to the left, and disappeared entirely.

To all appearances the two had proceeded down the alley. Black, unalluring, as that gloomy passage appeared, they must have turned into it and groped their way forward. Where? For what purpose? I could think of but one object—the Alva iron factory, the mysterious meeting place of 376 Gans street. Beyond all question this alley would skirt along the back of that building, and there would be an entrance at the rear.

Dare I go on alone, unarmed as I was, knowing nothing of what I might encounter? I hesitated, my heart beating like a trip-hammer, yet, after all the danger seemed more of the imagination than reality. Besides, I was still young, and venturesome; the situation appealed to me, and—well, the memory of that girl's face remained strangely insistent. Odd as it may seem, her predicament yielded me a reckless desire to have an immediate hand in the game.

I found two imprints of her narrow shoe in the mud after the turn had been made, then all trace vanished. I crept forward, enveloped in gloom, keeping as closely as possible to the high board fence at the left. The way was rough underfoot, and my progress consequently slow, being anxious to make as little noise as possible. The passage was so black, I lost all knowledge as to how far I had gone, and was only aroused to my position by finally coming up against a pile of lumber which completely blocked the further end of the alley. I recalled dimly that the passage swerved here, running along the side of the Alva factory, until it reached Gans street. Then the place I sought was to my left, behind the protection of this high fence, along which I had been so cautiously feeling my way.

The silence was profound, stupefying, uncanny. Against the lighter lead of the upper sky I was barely able to trace the upper story of the building, but it was all black, a gloomy, deserted hole. Any faith I might have had that the two I had attempted to follow had come there vanished as I strained my eyes for some beam of light, or any other sign to betray their presence within. I still believed they had turned down the alley, but this was not their goal; beyond doubt they had entered some gate along the way, and thus escaped me entirely.

I hardly know what impelled me to grope my way back along the fence, blindly feeling for a gate. Curiosity, no doubt, and a lingering desire to make certain of what was inside the barrier. The entrance was easily found, a mere wooden door, held by an iron clasp, which opened instantly to my touch. I stepped inside, closing it quietly behind me, and stared uneasily about through the enshrouding blackness.

My eyes, grown accustomed to the gloom, made out dim outlines, encouraging further exploration. Discovering ample space, and what felt to my feet like a walk, I turned the corner in search. At that moment the gate latch clicked sharply, and I sank down into the black ground shadow, every nerve tingling with alarm. The gate operated almost noiselessly, yet my strained ears could detect its stealthy movement, and hear the crunch of a heavy footstep on the cinder path within. The fellow evidently knew his way even in that darkness, for there was no hesitancy in his movements, no uncertainty. He faded away along the rear wall, and I became aware that he had turned about the further corner. That would naturally mean there was a door there. I had evidently been searching the wrong side.

Assured the man had vanished, and that he sought entrance to the building through some passage well known to him, I crept forth along the end wall, crouched low in the shadow, using every precaution against discovery. All that was venturesome in me held high carnival and nothing of danger now could have held me back. I reached the corner around which the fellow had disappeared, but, in the intense blackness, could perceive no movement beyond, no sign of any presence. I listened eagerly, scarcely venturing to breathe, and in another moment was rewarded by hearing the gentle tap of knuckles on wood a few feet away; there could be no doubt of the number—two raps, a pause, three raps; the very signal mentioned in the letter. I waited, still breathless, uncertain what had occurred, yet convinced the man ahead had been given entrance.

Continued on Page 5

Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

Cars Leave Washington Square for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.

SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

THINK IN WORDS

Mental Composition Habitual With Most Great Writers.

As a Result Their Thoughts Are Easily Marshaled When They Sit at Their Desks.

At least one great writer, Wordsworth, composed in his head, without pencil or paper.

We are given a whimsical picture of his sister, Dorothy, trailing the gaunt old man over the Cumbrian hills, notebook in hand, jotting down as best she could his inspired dictation.

Of course, few would care to emulate his method. Formal composition, for most scribes, is better done on paper where the elusive phrase is permanently recorded, the fugitive word captured, the form and cadence of the thing made obvious to the eye.

Yet, in another sense mental composition has been habitual with all great writers who have been generous enough to disclose their habits of thought.

They instinctively think in words. Under the elm tree, along the trout stream, even in the thoroughfares and work shops of life, they are coining phrases, silently casting what they think and set into appropriate language, fitting and discarding adjective and verb in the eternal search for perfect expression.

Freckled newsboys, sunsets, traffic jams, symphonies, even the abstract meditations of reverie, pass into their minds as phrases, to sink, apparently forgotten, into the storehouse of the unconscious mind.

When such men sit down to write they have no need to brush the cobwebs from a neglected vocabulary. The joints of expression are not stiff and squeaky from long disuse.

They have spun the glorious skein in wayward hours, and when loom-time comes there remains only the weaving of the pattern.

One November evening, many years ago, three men were crossing a heath on the outskirts of London. On a hill ahead of them stood a church with a tall spire. Suddenly the sun broke through a bank of clouds and illuminated its gold cross.

The autumnal silence around them, the reminiscent savor of the heath, the peculiar moodiness of the season and the hour, the ominous gloom of the sky, the red shaft of sunset lighting the distant cross—all conspired to arouse a peculiar sense of awe in the spectators.

Yet only one word was spoken—a reverent, spontaneous exclamation—"Calvary!"

And the man who said it was Thackeray.

He had merely revealed, half audibly, the impassioned search for inevitable words that ever goes on in the mind of the artist.

Perhaps it's a gift, or an obsession, this thinking eternally in words. Perhaps normal mental processes would be blocked and embarrassed by such a habit.

But it would at least seem lamentable that in conversation, a training ground in which all spend so many hours, there should be so little conscious effort to speak with grace and precision, so habitual a mouthing of stock phrases, banal flippances and current slang.

We should go to school to the Tennessee mountaineers where generic [illegible] through social isolation, has been able in its humble way to survive.—Milwaukee Journal.

Walter Scott's First Love.

The young woman in Walter Scott's first love affair was Miss Williamena Belches, the daughter of a baronet, and when she and Scott were nineteen years old they met for the first time by accident. Scott at that time was merely the apprentice to his father, who was a solicitor, and no very lordly one at that. After the young persons had been seen much in each other's company, Scott, senior, waited upon Sir John Belches and told him that the affair ought not to be allowed to [illegible] without his sanction. The young woman, it is presumed, satisfied her father that she had no thought [illegible] of accepting Walter, although they continued to correspond [illegible] frequently. At one time there was an understanding between them that Scott seemed to accept as an engagement, but the young woman [illegible] and eventually she chose a [illegible] whose prospects were more [illegible].

She Carried a Roll.

When the personal effects of the [illegible] dancer "Rigolboche," who [illegible] in Paris at the age of [illegible] were sold at auction, an old [illegible] was knocked down to a second-hand clothes dealer for a mere [illegible]. [illegible] examining the garment the [illegible] found concealed in the lining [illegible] of French bank notes [illegible] of $1,000.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

THE SILVER DAGGER

Unable longer to withstand the strain I took a step forward into the darkness. At that instant the latch of the gate clicked behind me.

CHAPTER III.

Within the Factory Walls.

I stood as though paralyzed, with one foot uplifted, a hand pressed against the wall, unable to move. There was nothing I could do to avert discovery, no place in which I could crouch in hiding. The newcomer moved swiftly, knowing his way through the darkness, and I had scarcely opportunity to even glance backward when he rounded the corner and bumped into me.

"What the h—l!" he exclaimed, startled at the encounter. "Why, d—n it, Charlett, what are you slouching here for? You're Charlett, ain't you?"

"Yes," I muttered, the assent actually frightened out of me; then added lamely, "I couldn't remember the signal."

The fellow laughed softly, releasing his grip on my coat.

"If you attended more meetings you'd be letter perfect," he said, his English without an accent. "Where have you been the last month—out of town?"

"In Washington," I ventured, praying the swift answer might suffice.

"Oh, I see," more heartily. "So you were the one Alva sent? Did the woman come back with you?"

The woman! Who could he mean but the same girl who had been waiting in the saloon? I had ventured already too far to draw back; I must take yet another chance, an answer.

"Not with me; that would be too risky. She is here, though."

"Good enough. That means money. Let's go in."

He pushed past, and I followed, totally unable to determine in my own mind what to do. The fellow in the darkness evidently mistook me for some one of the gang. His confidence in my identity as Charlett might win me entrance—but what then? That I was not Charlett would certainly be revealed by the first gleam of light, and I would be helpless. I was alone, unarmed, and these fellows, beyond question, were engaged in a desperate game. I am sure I should never have ventured it had not my companion suddenly turned and grasped my sleeve.

"You saw Mendez, of course?"

"Sure."

"And he vouched for her; he says she is all right?"

"He chose her; that ought to be enough."

"H—ll, I suppose so, but even Mendez has made mistakes. Here's the door."

He rapped lightly, his fingers still gripping my sleeve in a grasp of friendship. I could have broken away, and ran for it, but something mysterious held me, some odd fascination of danger. I saw nothing, heard nothing, yet had an instinctive feeling that a narrow wicket had opened in the door, through which our dim outlines were being scrutinized. I held my breath expectantly.

"Who is there?" the voice was a mere whisper, so close as to startle me.

"Gaspar Wine," was the answer, in the same low tone, "163."

"What word?"

"Cervantes."

"But there are two of you."

"Oh, this is one of us. It's all right, Jim; I'll vouch for him."

The fellow inside grumbled something in indistinguishable Spanish, but opened the door silently, just far enough for us to slip through one at a time. I felt Wine press past me, and was aware that the guard closed and barred the door, but could see nothing; not even my own hand before my eyes.

A latch clicked softly, and a dim ray of light broke in upon us from a revealed passage beyond. It was so faint as to scarcely render features visible, and, as my coat collar was still upturned, I pressed forward close behind Wine without discovery. I could perceive something of the fellow now,

I Could Perceive Something of the Fellow Now.

a rather squat figure, concealed by a long, shapeless raincoat, wearing a closely trimmed beard, and horn spectacles. His features were clearly foreign, yet failed to bespeak the fighting type. I placed him as a theorist, a professor, perhaps, in some small college.

But my thoughts were not so occupied with my guide as with the problem of how I was to escape from him. I dare not go on into the presence of others where discovery that I was not Charlett would be immediate. At any cost I must avoid such exposure—but how? The place in which we were gave me little inspiration. It was a low passage-way, inclosed by rough board walls, instantly driving home upon me the impression that it had been constructed for the very purpose for which it was now being utilized—a secret entrance to prevent any gleam of light from being seen without. This precaution, coupled with the tightly boarded passage, left the whole building apparently deserted and desolate, to any chance watcher without. This was evidently no common, vulgar band of schemers, but men with a definite purpose in view, which they were engaged in carrying out with true secret efficiency. They were plotting revolution. Only a strange chance had given me the clew, and only a reckless persistency had opened a way before me. Now my life was no longer my own; it belonged to my country. I must live to expose these men. But how?

My heart failed me as I stared about at the bare walls, and forward to where a heavy curtain draped the end of the passage. This widened as we advanced, so as to form what evidently had been designed as a cloakroom. Wine stopped and removed his coat, appropriating an unoccupied nail, and I followed his example, rejoicing to observe that he still remained so confident of my identity as to not once glance around in my direction. The fellow seemed obsessed with some special desire, for he swept his eyes over the swinging garments, and exclaimed:

"Not half of them here yet. I want a word with Alva before the show opens, Charlett, so you better go right on in. See you later."

He pressed something in the sidewall, sliding back a panel, and disappeared, the rough boards returning instantly into place. I was left alone, staring at the spot where he had disappeared. Beyond doubt the entrance awaiting me lay straight ahead, concealed by the hanging curtain. I stepped cautiously forward, listening for some guiding sound from beyond that barrier, afraid to draw it aside and take a blind plunge into the unknown. I could detect the murmur of voices, several of them speaking Spanish, yet in such low tones I could distinguish only an occasional emphasized word. There was no door between us; only that thick, hanging curtain, and I ventured far enough to draw this aside sufficient to peer through with one eye. Beyond was a reasonably large room, but so dimly lighted as to be scarcely visible from end to end. I could discern men present, a number of them, lounging about on chairs, their outlines being fairly revealed, but the light was not sufficient to give me any impression of their faces. It seemed quite possible that I might slip in unobserved, and pass among them unrecognized except through accident. But the risk of discovery was too great. I must find some other point of entrance.

The private doorway through which Wine had disappeared gave me the thought that there might also be others. I dare not follow after him, but if there was another opening to be found I was perfectly willing to explore into its mysteries. The search was brief, yet the very nature of the rough board wall made concealment impossible. Behind the dangling coats I uncovered what I sought, and not a moment too soon. Even as my hand touched the exposed latch, a murmur of voices in the outer entry reached my ears—there were new arrivals being questioned, and admitted.

The panel slid back silently in its grooves, and I peered through the revealed opening into absolute darkness. All I could be sure of, as exhibited by the dim light of the passage, was a single step downward, and then apparently a strip of earth floor. I dare not wait and meet those entering; there was but one choice of action. I pressed through the orifice, forced the panel back into place, and stood erect in the intense darkness and silence, listening for the slightest sound.

I was still motionless, my heart beating fiercely, when several men entered the passage I had just left. Pressing my ear against the thin crack I distinguished words so as to piece together scraps of conversation. It seemed to me there were three voices—one speaking Spanish entirely, the others using English. One of the latter spoke first.

"'Tis a dirty night out, but good for our purpose. You came by motor, Alonzo?"

"No. Wine said that was too risky. I walked from the car line. What's up? Do you know, Captain?"

The fellow addressed exploded in Spanish.

"Why you call me that? I tell you my name!"

"It's safe enough in here, but I'll be careful outside. What was this meeting called for?"

"It was a message from Washington, orders maybe, that we act soon. I hope it."

"From Washington? Is Mendez here?"

"Sapristi, no! Can he move without a dozen spies at his heels? He find a messenger no one ever suspect. She bring the word."

"She? A woman?"

"Sure! that was better. No one know her; no one ever see her with our people. It was a good trick, and it fool the pigs."

"But who is the woman?"

The other uttered a gruff exclamation of disgust.

"If I know, you suppose I tell? Not much, but I do not know. They trust her—is it not enough? 'Tis my guess she come special for to do this."

"She is a Chilean then?"

"Maybe; maybe American, Spanish. What difference if she be in our service? They know what she is; tonight she is Marie Gessler—it has the sound of Switzerland. Beyond this I care nothing."

"But you have seen her, perhaps?"

"Not a sight; none of the boys have. She was to meet Alva at Times square this noon. I went with him, but no girl—just a messenger boy there with a note in code. Something had frightened the lady, and she made a night appointment over here."

"Here! How did she know the way out?"

"She didn't, for the matter of that; But she had been piped off on Jans' place, and agreed to be there as soon as it was dark. I'm wondering if she showed up; let's go in and see."

The three moved off down the passage, still conversing in subdued tones, the sharp accent of the Spaniard most prominent, and I became acutely aware of the black silence in which I stood. There was no occasion for me to risk my life farther in an effort to learn more. I had located the secret rendezvous of this gang of revolutionary plotters. I was aware of their connection with the Chilean Junta at Washington, and it would be a comparatively easy matter now to capture them red-handed. I saw therefore no reason why I should venture further, or endeavor to learn in detail the nature of this message intrusted to the girl for delivery. My duty now was to report what I had discovered, when the prompt arrest of Alva, and a few others, would end the whole scheme. It seemed simple enough, if I could only find my way out safely.

But escape unobserved was far from being assured. Any retreat by way of the lighted passage was impossible; there were guards there at both ends; the only hope lay in a blind effort forward.

I accepted the only course possible, and began to feel my way to the left, skirting the wall of rough boarding, until it widened out into what was apparently the larger room beyond. No sound reached me from any direction, the silence and darkness oppressing me, as though they had weight.

Yet one fact became more and more clear—the deliberate purpose with which this deserted iron factory had been prepared for a secret rendezvous. Apparently, from without, it stood grim, desolate and deserted, yet the interior arrangements were such that conspirators could meet securely inside, protected from observation, in rooms through whose walls no gleam of light might be visible from either street or alley. Only an accident, or constant vigilance without, could reveal the true use to which the building was now being devoted. This knowledge rendered the peril of my own position the more intense. I could be killed, murdered, and no man would ever be the wiser. I would simply disappear, vanish, and that would be the end.

At that moment I had no thought but to discover some means of escape. The knowledge of the danger I was in robbed me of all courage. I was like a child afraid in the dark. I moved forward, inch by inch, feeling my way along the rough planking with one hand, my limbs actually trembling under me. If I could only find some opening; see some gleam of light; break away from this terrible silent darkness.

I supposed I was moving with the utmost caution, every nerve on edge, feeling a way forward with hands and feet. Once I stepped upon a shell of some kind which crunched beneath the weight, and again my groping hand dislodged a small block of wood, which fell with a slight clatter. I halted both times, my heart in my mouth, yet nothing happened, and I moved forward again confident of not being overheard.

I could not have told what it was that halted me. I remember I stopped as though shot, my very breath suspended, one foot still uplifted in a step forward, my eyes staring helplessly into the black void. The silence was that of a tomb. I could feel the perspiration flow down my face in a stream; it was an instant of torture. Then an unseen hand gripped me and an electric flash-light glared into my eyes.

Children Cry for Fletcher's

CASTORIA

The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been in use for over thirty years, has borne the signature of [signature] and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy. Allow no one to deceive you in this. All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

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Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. For more than thirty years it has been in constant use for the relief of Constipation, Flatulency, Wind Colic and Diarrhoea; allaying Feverishness arising therefrom, and by regulating the Stomach and Bowels, aids the assimilation of Food; giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Comfort—The Mother's Friend.

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The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Flying Torpedoes.

Experiments, throwing a new light on the problems of aerial war, are reported as having been taking place with great secrecy near Paris.

Small heavier-than-air machines, really torpedoes with wings, are sent up into the air under their own power, and entirely pilotless, and are then controlled by wireless telegraphy.

Machines are flown for considerable distances and made to carry out maneuvers while under wireless direction from the ground.

A further development contemplated is for a method to be perfected by means of which a pilot in an airplane can control the movements of one of these air torpedoes.

This would mean that after a torpedo had been launched and controlled up to a certain height by the land station, its direction would be taken over by a pilot in a special airplane, who would send it on ahead until he had guided it to its target, he himself remaining at some distance.

How Co-operation Changes.

Both the government and organized labor of Germany have changed their attitude toward consumers' co-operation, with the result that, since the downfall of the kaiser, the membership of the leading co-operatives, previously largely composed of professional and business people, has become overwhelmingly composed of working people. The Production Society of Hamburg, for instance, has among its members 7,859 metal workers, 2,492 bricklayers, 2,084 tailors, 4,818 transport workers, 2,967 woodworkers, as against 65 writers, 377 musicians and one artist. Government officials, previously forbidden to join co-operatives, now avail themselves of the permission to do so in increasing numbers.

Matter Explained.

When I was seventeen I was permitted for the first time to go shopping alone. It was in Philadelphia. Just as I was about to enter Wanamaker's store I was tapped twice upon the shoulder, turned by a strong hand and chucked under the chin. Frightened and insulted, I looked at my accoster, and found a young man in track suit. "Quiet, please," he said, sternly. "Give me your name and address." In my terror and confusion I gave them. Several weeks later the mail brought me a formal note, thanking me for my co-operation, and briefly stating that certain things were necessary for initiation into the Alpha Sigma fraternity.—Chicago Journal.

Milton's Mulberry Tree.

A cutting from a mulberry tree planted by John Milton at Oxford has been planted in the grounds of Milton's cottage at Chalfont. It is a pretty sentiment which inspired such an act; a tribute to the great poet which he would have been the first to appreciate. Having fled from London to this quiet Bucks village, he there put into the hands of friend Ellwood the completed "Paradise Lost." He had him take it home, "read it at my leisure," says Ellwood, "and when I had so done, return it to him with my judgment thereon." Leisure is the spirit of this quiet cottage, with its wealth of climbing roses; the mulberry tree from Oxford will be an added charm in the coming years in this place of literary pilgrimage.—Christian Science Monitor.

It is stated that scientists in a Pittsburgh steel mill have discovered a formula, long sought by British and American naval authorities, which the Germans used in the construction of frameworks of Zeppelin dirigibles. Hitherto nothing has been known of the composition of the aluminum alloy used in the framework of Zeppelins save that it was lighter than steel and of great tensile strength. It was determined that the strength of the metal lay in its treatment by heat, and scores of attempts were made to determine the proper temperature. The scientists, however, have discovered something else, essentially American, which will go into the new alloy.—Scientific American.

All Must Stand Together.

Once we realize that we are all one, working together for the good of all; that each of us finds his prosperity and salvation in the advancement of all, then the whole business, as well as each individual, takes a distinct step forward.—Joseph H. Appel.

Special Bargains

Fall and Winter Woolens,

Comprising the best goods and styles to be found in foreign or domestic fabrics at [illegible] per cent. less than our regular prices. This we do in order to make room for our Spring and Summer styles, which we will receive about Feb. 25. We guarantee the make-up of our goods to be the best and to give general satisfaction.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

ROYALTY KEPT FROM DANGER

But Tiger Shooting From the Back of an Elephant Lacks Element of Real Sport.

Tiger hunting is the sport of kings, but one of the penalties of royalty is that the sport must be deprived of the danger which is one of its best elements, writes a big-game hunter in the London Daily Mail.

Danger, which is the spice of all real sport, is practically eliminated when the hunting is done on elephant back, for the sportsman is in a position of safety in a howdah, a kind of box or cage arrangement, securely fastened on the elephant's back.

The best method of hunting tigers in those parts of the country where the ground is suitable is for one or two sportsmen to camp out in the jungle with a small native following and without elephants, although these are necessary, owing to the tall grass, in the sub-Himalayan region.

The tracks of tigers are found and their comings and goings studied from the signs that are clearly printed in the book of nature for the eye of the observant hunter, who will soon find out the best spots in which to tie up the young buffaloes that serve as bait.

These should be picketed near water and shade, for the tiger is impatient of heat and thirst.

In such a spot the tiger will lie up near its "kill"; the beat is arranged with a number of natives, who may range from a dozen to a hundred or more, according to the nature of the ground, and the tiger is driven up to the gun, posted at a point of vantage.

Our soldiers do not often get a chance of tiger hunting, but I recollect how one of them, who did not know at all what to expect, joined in a beat for a tiger.

The beat was empty and the tiger could not be found. But after some time the soldier came up to the sportsman and said: "I don't know what you're looking for, but I saw something like a blinking big cat sitting up over there."

He had evidently had no previous idea of what a tiger was like!

Russian Circus Must Go.

The soviet newspaper "Trud," which in English means "Labor," says that the circus must be banished by the Russian government. It seems that the clowns of Russian circuses have become political satirists. One was seen to rub a lean stomach and dub it the "soviet commissariat for food." Another, spinning around, declared magniloquently that he was "increasing production."

Our clowns are not such deep thinkers. They seek to make the proletariat laugh rather than to make the judicious think. But the circus itself is incompatible with bolshevism. It is too light-hearted. But what is the poor Russian to do for diversion? What is to relieve the monotony and pressure of the dour industrial life bolshevism has decreed? They took his "cakes and ale" from him. And now they are about to take his peanuts and red lemonade. All he will be able to do is read Russian novels, those literary chambers of horrors.—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Help Nature Make Good Teeth.

Well-made and well-mineralized teeth should not stand in need of dentistry, at any rate until after middle age, says the Lancet (London). The chief condition on which the development of good teeth depends and continues is sound general nutrition not only of the baby but of the mother before the baby is born.

To attain to sound general nutrition breast-feeding is the first requisite; the jaws must be developed by being exercised; the nose, as well as the mouth, must be kept clear and clean.

"Well formed and well mineralized teeth are not easily affected by passing conditions of acidity, but when acidity becomes chronic the teeth are liable to suffer, especially if badly made."

LIVE STOCK FLY REPELLENT

Care Should Be Exercised to Prevent Getting Mixture Too Strong, Causing Hair Shedding.

When mixing a repellent to put on the live stock to keep the flies away, care should be taken to prevent getting too strong a mixture. It may cause shedding of the hair. The following mixture has been found by the United States Department of Agriculture to give good results for a short time where applied lightly but thoroughly: One gallon of fish oil, two ounces of oil of pine tar, two ounces of oil of pennyroyal and one-half pint of kerosene. The horses and milk cows will appreciate some preparation.

RAISING FOWLS ON INSECTS

Good Plan for Farmers in Grasshopper Infested Regions to Use Turkeys and Guineas.

Turkeys and guinea fowl are voracious insect eaters. Would it not be a good plan for farmers in the grasshopper infested areas of the West to buy, rent or import all the birds of these breeds they possibly can, instead of poisoning the bugs?

Established 1758

The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

Office Telephone 181
House Telephone 1010

Saturday, August 13, 1921

Have you paid your city taxes yet? If so, do you dare to say that you paid them with a smile?

There seems a strong probability that President Harding's plans for a disarmament conference may be carried through, and without too many strings attached to the conditions.

While many other parts of the United States, and even the northern section of New England, have experienced the most serious droughts in many years, Newport has had rather a plethora of rain and dampness.

Vast fortunes are said to have been made in rum smuggling since the passage of the Volstead act. It may be that some of the "aristocratic" families of a few generations hence will trace their family fortunes back to this source, just as some of the family fortunes of today were originally established in the slave trade.

While no one even suspects that Navy fliers deliberately fired upon a boating party in Narragansett Bay, it will be necessary for the Navy Department to take the most stringent steps that such an "error" could never occur again. There is no place for carelessness in the handling of fire arms of any kind, and more especially in the firing from the air.

With hundreds of thousands of persons starving in Russia, Lenine and Trotsky, still maintain their domination over the country. If there are any survivors of the famine in some districts, they may still continue to think that the revolution was a great thing for Russia. But some day a change will come, and when it does come, Russia may rise to be a wonderful nation.

Newport was this week honored by a visit from His Excellency Governor Emery J. San Souci. While Governor San Souci has not such a wide personal acquaintance in Newport as had his predecessor, Governor Beeckman, who was a Newport boy, all those who have met him have learned to esteem him very highly. Governor San Souci has a very attractive personality and has a strong following in all parts of the State.

Boston claims to be the fifth city in the United States, surpassing both Cleveland and St. Louis, which the 1920 census put ahead of her. But as this clai mis based on the directory makers' experts, Messrs. Sampson and Murdock, the above mentioned cities will probably dispute it. The directory experts place Boston's population at 835,000, while the Federal census placed it at 748,000. Bostonians now put the figures of the seven largest cities as follows: New York 5,621,151, Chicago 2,701,705, Philadelphia 1,823,158, Detroit (Henry Ford's bailiwick) 993,739, Boston 835,000, Cleveland 796,836, St. Louis 772,897.

While there is much talk of the high cost of living coming down, and of conditions having resumed the normal, there are many lines which have not yielded at all to the pressure for reduced prices. At the head of the list, of course, stands the coal supply, the owners of which are very evidently intending to fight it out along the present lines. The high price of coal arbitrarily keeps up the costs of many other articles. While the financial interests are trying to delude themselves into the belief that there will be a great revival of trade after the summer vacation, most people have made up their minds that there must be further revision of prices in many lines before they will buy.

The Republicans in Congress are planning to remove some of the most objectionable of the taxes that have assailed the public since the Democratic administration was in power. They have also materially lessened the cost of running the government. There has been a suggestion of the restoration of the revenue stamps on checks and also three-cent letter postage, but it is doubtful if these forms of taxation will be resorted to, as the public long since became disgusted with them. The tax experts of Congress are also casting hostile looks at the large amount of tax-free securities that are being issued by States and cities, believing that in this way wealthy purchasers escape a fair share of taxation.

AN INSTANCE OF PUSH

A correspondent of the Grand Rapids Furniture Record, illustrates the value of persistent push by telling how a woman returned a red cedar chest to his store because it was "too knotty." Most salesmen would have let the matter drop, considering that the woman was fussy, and it did not pay to bother with her.

This salesman began to study up on knots, gained the idea that a knotty piece of wood used for this purpose showed up better the sturdy qualities of the stock, and when polished made the chest look rugged and interesting. Also there would be more oil in knotty wood, which would help keep out moths.

Having thus fortified himself with arguments, he made a call on the party who had objected to the knots, and convinced her so that she reconsidered and took the chest back.

A fellow who works like that over a single sale is a splendid asset for any store, and a city with such men is going ahead.

PRESIDENT HARDING'S DIFFICULTIES

During the war many people were not special admirers of President Wilson, yet felt inclined to make excuses for him, on the ground that he had to meet difficulties greater than any president ever previously confronted.

If that line of thought has merit, it applies with equal force today, perhaps with more. During the war, great as the difficulties were, our people were practically a unit. All elements united to help the administration. Political opponents cheerfully assented to whatever measures the administration desired to help fight the war.

The ablest business men were glad to sacrifice their own interests and give their time and effort to helping the government. This absorption in the common cause created a unity that was tremendously powerful. Such a united people could not be beaten in anything they undertook. So in spite of stupendous blunders and bad management the victory was won.

The work of reconstruction is just as difficult as fighting the war, as has been proved after all such conflicts. While the country was pouring out its borrowed money like water, it was easy for a fictitious prosperity to keep the people contented. But now it is the cold gray dawn of the morning after. The exhilaration of the spending and dissipating era has passed. and now there are the bills to pay and the crushing mountain of debt to be carried.

The fine unity of the war period has passed. Class feeling has developed, and the working efficiency of the country is marred by the struggle of selfish interests. It is a more difficult proposition to handle the country now than in the fine enthusiasm and combined action of the war period. If Woodrow Wilson was entitled to allowances on account of the difficulties he met, Warren Harding is entitled to still more, and to a long period of time in which to get results in this difficult period of disillusionment.

PARKED STREETS

The League of Improvement Societies of Rhode Island takes the position that in laying out new streets, the sidewalks should be of such a width as to allow for grass strips outside of the walk on each side, in which trees should be planted.

If every new street were thus laid out, the residence districts of a city would show a great deal of beauty. Abutters along such a street should be willing to mow the grass between the walk and the vehicle way, so as to save expense to the city.

A street with two strips of grass planted with trees looks so much more attractive, that this feature must add 20 per cent. to the value of the adjoining property.

PRESIDENT'S WISE WORDS

In a short address in New Hampshire, a few days ago, President Harding said:

"I have thought what a change has come about. You haven't gathered here to greet me personally; because I've been here before and you scarcely noticed it. But you have come to me tonight because I am your spokesman. When a man is a candidate for office he is always seeking to come among you and make himself heard, but when a man is in office the people want him to come among them and he ought to come among them and be heard and hear from them.

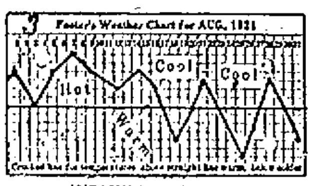
"That's as it should be, for this is a popular Government, and let me say to you that no President ever could do anything of which the American people did not approve.

"Let me tell you also that it is a difficult thing to conduct the Government of the United States. We have just emerged from a cataclysmic world war. Things have been turned upside down. It is a time when America must keep her hat on straight, when America must be confident of herself; and I like to say in passing that I have more confidence in America tonight than I ever had before in all my life.

"I believe America has found her soul and has found the inspiration to become not only the first great republic of the earth, as we are, but to grow into the mightiest Power in the world, leading mankind to higher and higher levels.

"Knowing your sentiment, I have recently been able to ask the great Nations of the earth to meet with us around the council table and look each other in the face, just as neighbors should look each other in the face, and ask each other why there should be any war.

"We are going to have that kind of a conference, and I hope it will be my fortune before my term of office is done to be able to say that our America somehow appealed to the conscience of mankind and that in the awakening of that conscience we put aside conflict. That's a fine ideal for America."



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Aug. 13, 1921.

Highest temperatures of August are expected during the week centering on 18 west of meridian 90; on 19 between 90 and the Atlantic coast and on 20 in the Atlantic States. Moisture will continue to come from the central north Atlantic ocean and therefore eastern sections will continue to get the most disagreeable effects of the damp atmosphere, called humidity. But the humidity for August will not be so great as it was in July, because the storm forces will not be so intense—will not evaporate so much moisture from the ocean. Probably August temperatures will average nearly as high as they did for July, but will not go to such great extremes and will not be so disagreeable. Following this high point of August the temperatures will go down more rapidly than usual. Not much rain during August; September rain will be much better. All this will be favorable to sowing Winter grain. I am expecting above average Winter grain crops for 1922, but small yield for quite a large part of the Winter grain sections. Winter grain is produced in nearly all the States and Provinces, but largest average yields are in the middle latitudes of the great central valleys of America.

Individual predictions are being published that a very cold, severe Winter is just before us. I do not see it that way. I expect an average Winter. The cold and warm Winters, cool and hot Summers are caused by the location of the evaporations. During the Summer of 1921 the evaporations came from the Gulf Stream that flows northeastward over the north Atlantic, hence the hot and disagreeable Summer. When evaporations come from the icy cold waters, then we get the cold Winters. Evaporations for November will come from the middle Pacific; not much evaporation for December; for January from Gulf of Mexico; February from middle Atlantic near the equator, comparatively cool waters; March from Pacific west of Central America, moderately cool waters.

The United States Weather Bureau people seem not to know anything about the locations nor the effects of the evaporations. They have repeatedly stated, however, that the humidity of the atmosphere has been very great during this Summer in eastern sections. If they knew more about evaporation they would be more valuable to the American people.

Following the storms due on meridian 90 near August 19 the trend of temperatures will be more rapidly downward than usual, but I see no indication of August frosts in Canada. These August frosts are caused by severe storms and I have none of these in the August forecasts; the month promises to be sluggish with a shortage of rain east of great lakes. I see no hope of a breaking of the European drouth before October and not much relief to the drouth sections on this continent before that time.

He's It.

One can't help wondering whether the man who would reform the world has succeeded in making one man perfect.—Louisville Post.

Jazz Records and Song Hits

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Just Another Kiss—W
Ah There—Fox Trot

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Kid from Madrid—Al Jolson
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NEWPORT, R I

WEEKLY CALENDAR, JULY, 1921

STANDARD TIME.

	Sun rises		Sun sets		Moon sets		High Water Morn		High Water Eve	
13 Sat	4	49	6	50	0	28	3	24	3	54
14 Sun	4	50	6	49	1	17	4	16	4	45
15 Mon	4	51	6	47	2	09	5	05	5	30
16 Tues	4	52	6	46	3	01	5	51	6	13
17 Wed	4	53	6	45	3	50	6	34	6	54
18 Thurs	4	54	6	43	rises		7	11	7	38
19 Fri	4	55	6	42	8	57	7	53	8	11

New moon, August 3rd, 3:19 evening
1st Quarter, August 10th, 9:15 morning
Full moon, August 15th, 10:29 morning
Last Quarter, August 26th, 7:52 morning

Deaths.

In this city, 5th inst., Anna W. H., widow of Abram Almy.

Suddenly, in this city, 6th inst., Gertrude Frances, wife of Truman Y. Pitney, in her 41st year.

In this city, 8th inst., Thomas C., son of the late William and Esther Brown, in his 45th year.

In this city, August 11, Agnes Ellen, daughter of Everett J. and Amy Card Tasker.

In New Bedford, Mass., 8th inst., suddenly, Walter Lincoln Chase, M. D., son of Alfred W. and the late L. Louise Chase, in his 53d year.

In Providence, 7th inst., Alice, widow of Henry Wilson.

In Jersey City, Aug 6, Robert Fraker.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Ethelyn J. White

Block Island was deeply grieved last week over the sudden death of Miss Ethelyn J. White at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George W. White, on High street. Miss White, who was greatly beloved by the young people of the town, had been in ill health for the past two years. She was in her 31st year.

The funeral services were held on Sunday afternoon at 3.30 p. m., from the First Baptist church. Rev. Alice Haire of the Center Methodist Church offered prayer and Dr. Horace A. Roberts of the Baptist Church preached the funeral sermon. Special music was rendered by a trio consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Winifred Arnold and their daughter, Mrs. Norma Dodge. The floral tributes were many and very beautiful and a large number of friends and relatives were in attendance. Also a large delegation representing the local Chapter of the Sons and Daughters of Liberty, of which Miss White was a member.

The remains were taken to the steamer New Shoreham on Monday, accompanied by the Martha Washington Council, No. 20, Sons and Daughters of Liberty. Interment was at the Rumford cemetery. Miss White leaves, beside her father and mother, two sisters, Gertrude White and Mrs. William Littlefield of Providence, and three brothers, Ernest of Lansing, Michigan, and Francis and Ralph White of Block Island.

Mrs. Jennie Farnham, wife of Dr. Robert H. Farnham of Westerly, is being entertained by Dr. and Mrs. Carrol H. Ricker at their summer home on Spring street.

Last Tuesday was annual Tag Day forthe West Side Free Baptist Church. The committee reports most excellent results.

A sale of fancy articles and home-made pastry was held at the Public Market last Wednesday afternoon by the Ladies Aid Society of the Center Methodist Church.

Rehearsals Commence

The first rehearsal for Warren Spencer's new play, the "Wine King," introducing Carmine Romano in the leading role, was held last Tuesday evening at Leonard Lockwood's Casino. Mr. Romano will be ably supported by the well known local comedian, Howard Mott.

Plan for Outing

A large number of young people comprising members of the Athletic Association and their friends, weather permitting, will enjoy a sail to Wickford on Sunday and partake of an old fashioned clambake at the "Hummocks." The Honolulu Four will accompany the party. The return trip will be made during the evening by moonlight. Those wishing to make the trip are requested to call up the Island Drug Store for particulars. It is expected that the start will be made about 8 o'clock Sunday morning.

Lieut. Horace Ewart of Washington, D. C., spent a part of the past week on the Island looking over several sites for the erection of temporary barracks to accommodate two hundred laborers and their families who will be employed by the government at an early date, in pushing the work on the Southeast fortifications. According to Lieutenant Ewart it is contemplated by the naval authorities to erect the housing quarters this fall so as to have everything in readiness for the construction operations which are now planned for next spring.

It is understood that the Randolph Construction Co. of Pennsylvania were the lowest bidders on the railroad project which will extend from the New Harbor to the southeastern part of the Island.

At a recent meeting of the Americanization committee of the Southern New England Press Association, F. Earle Lockwood was elected a member and appointed to take charge of local affairs in behalf of three important publications. Edmund H. Kirby, formerly managing editor of the Providence Journal, who spent the past three weeks on Block Island, will assist Mr. Lockwood in his work, acting in an advisory capacity.

Mr. and Mrs. George W. White and family wish to extend their heartfelt thanks to the Daughters of Liberty and their many friends for their kind remembrances and floral tributes in their late bereavement.

County Agent J. E. Knott of the Newport County Farm Bureau, spent two days on Block Island the past week assisting the farmers. A well attended caponizing demonstration was held.

WEATHER PREDICTIONS

Most people are interested in the weather, and all would like to know what kind of weather we are going to have tomorrow, or the next day, or the next week, or next month. There are some indications that in a general way may be considered as accurate as any prognostications for the future can be:

A gray, lowering sunset, or one where the sky is green or yellowish-green, indicates rain. A red sunrise, with clouds lowering later in the morning, also indicates rain. A halo occurring after fine weather indicates a storm. A corona growing smaller indicates rain; growing larger, fair weather. A morning rainbow is regarded as a sign of rain; an evening rainbow, a sign of fair weather. A deep blue color of the sky, even when seen through clouds indicates fair weather; a growing whiteness, an approaching storm. Fogs indicate settled weather. A morning fog usually breaks away before noon. Unusual clearness of the atmosphere, unusual brightness or twinkling of the stars indicates rain. The first frost and last frost are usually preceded by temperatuer very much above mean.

The tax rate in Portland, Maine, this year is $31.60 on $1000. It is probable, however, that they do not rate at over $80,000 a property that sells for about $20,000, as for instance the Zabriskie property in Newport.

WASHINGTON A FREEMASON, AS WERE MANY REVOLUTIONARY GENERALS AND STATESMEN

To Masons he was "Brother Washington"—just like that! And he was master of his lodge—that of Alexandria, Va.,—when he became the first President of the United States. Four years later, shortly after his election for his second term, President Washington proclaimed his Masonic affiliation to the world by laying the cornerstone of the present Capitol in Washington in the character of a grand master pro tem, wearing regalia which included an apron presented by Lafayette.

When Washington died at Mount Vernon, Dec. 14, 1799, three physicians, all Masons, were in atendance. One of them, Dr. Dick, was master of Washington's lodge, and presided at a lodge meeting whereat the details of the funeral were arranged. Masonic services on that occasion were performed by the worshipful master, assisted by the chaplain, and the 79 members of the lodge marched in the funeral procession.

Washington became a Mason in the 21st year of his age at Fredericksburg, Va. During the French and Indian Wars he is said to have held a lodge near Charleston, Va. Later records prove that he found time for exercises of the brotherhood during the trying times of Valley Forge. According to tradition, Freemasonry had such a democratizing influence on his point of view, congenitally aristocratic, that at Cambridge he sat in a lodge of which an orderly sergeant was master.

In the Revolutionary Army he was a Mason among Masons. Lafayette was of the craft and so were Gens. Nathaniel Greene, Ethan Allen, William Moultrie, "Mad Anthony" Wayne, "Lighthorse Harry" Lee, John Stark, Israel Putnam, Francis Marion and John Sullivan. As for the Masonic statesmen of the time, their number included Samuel Adams, Patrick Henry, Paul Revere, James Otis, Peyton Randolph, John Hancock, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert Livingston, John Jay and Robert Morris.

The Grand Lodge of Maryland presented Washington with an address in 1798, when he had been called from retirement to accept the command of a provisional army on account of danger of war with France. His response was replete with Masonic allusions. One pasasge ran: "If it has pleased the Supreme Architect of the Universe to make me a humble instrument to promote the welfare and happiness of my fellowmen, my exertions have been abundantly recompensed by the kind partiality with which they have been received. And the assurance you give me of your belief that I have acted on the square in my public capacity will be among my principal enjoyments in this terrestrial lodge."
—New York Sun.

THE DEADLOCK IN HARD COAL

(Providence Journal)

Coal Age reports that the production of anthracite "continues to hold up remarkably well, despite the belief that the markets had nearly reached the saturation points." It further says that many of the larger companies dealing in hard coal have added ten cents to the prices for August. Some retailers have followed suit, and a few have also tacked on an extra fifteen cents to cover the new Pennsylvania State tax.

Local retailers have not made the usual August advance, presumably for the very good reason that prices at present are about all that the traffic will bear. The demand remains sluggish because the consuming public feels that costs must decrease and that it will be able to buy to better advantage later in the season. The householder hears the cry, "Buy now," but he will not heed it. The only way to get action out of him and thus avoid the danger of an anthracite famine next winter is by making the cost of coal less.

Why does not the trade direct its energies toward this end? Or does it prefer to have the mines idle, storage bins empty or perhaps half full and the whole situation confused and disquieting, while it holds obstinately to a schedule of prices that may have been justified in war time, but is not, according to all appearances, justified now. The united opposition of the coal operators to the Frelinghuysen bills, especially the one authorizing the Department of Commerce and the Bureau of Mines to gather information with regard to the production of stocks, storage and prices at the mines, in transit and in retail markets, gave rise to the belief that the operators had considerable to conceal. The public will persist in this belief until it has proof to the contrary.

New York's First Hotel.

The earliest hotel on record in New York city was Krieger's tavern, about 1642, replaced in 1703 by the King's Arms. At about the time that the town became English a proclamation was issued regulating the inns, with the stipulation that meals were not to cost more than eightpence nor beer sixpence the quart. Today the only check on profiteering comes through the natural law of competition, but for the purpose of advising guests of intended charges rates for room and board must be posted conspicuously on the premises.

Queer "Religion" Survives.

Joanna Southcott, the Devonshire servant girl, who professed to be a prophetess and who issued 6,400 sealed papers to her followers, at prices ranging from 12 shillings to a sovereign, each "seal" guaranteed to secure salvation, has still her followers in London. Some of these strange documents still survive, and are much treasured by their words: "The seal of the Lord—the Elect Precious Man's Redemption—To Inherit the Tree of Life—To be made heirs of God and joint heirs of Jesus Christ."

Eraser Hint.

When the eraser becomes well worn it is apt to smear the paper when it is used to erase a letter. To avoid this, simply rub a little chalk on the edge of the eraser and no smear will occur; and the erasure of the letter will be done much more quickly as well as more neatly.

"Dips" Robbed of Haven When Art Center Moves

London. — Burlington House, the present home of the Royal Academy exhibition, does not seem to afford such a fine harvest for pickpockets as the great room at Somerset House, where exhibitions were held until 1837, remarks the London Morning Post. A wooden dado ran round the room, and when after the academy resigned possession, this was removed in the course of renovations, the narrow space between it and the brickwork was found to be stuffed with innumerable purses, ancient and modern—an eloquent testimony to successful pocketpicking and cleverness in disposing of recognizable property.

LOST 36 HOURS IN WOODS

Young Girl Turns Up at New Jersey Farm After Night In Woods.

Lakewood, N. J.—Elsie Wolke, eighteen years old, daughter of Karl Wolke, occupant of a small bungalow on the edge of the dense woods here, was returned to her parents after she had stayed for 30 hours in the woods. Searching parties of farmers and police, aided by ten dogs, scoured the woods for the girl, but were unable to find her.

Some time later she entered the home of Morris Kapaloff, a farmer, two miles from here on the road to Tom's River. Her clothes were torn and her face and arms scratched from brambles. She was unable to tell her name, but said the family letter box was 87 on the rural free-delivery route.

Kapaloff learned from the girl that she had slept during the night in a cemetery in the woods, where two parties of searchers had converged during the hunt. She was taken to her home.

CHASES BLACK CHICK AWAY

One of That Color Was Enough in This Hen's Family, So She Drives Intruder Off Nest.

Allentown, Pa.—Does a sitting hen associate ideas with colors or has she a knowledge of arithmetic.

This is the problem that is puzzling an amateur chicken fancier who is trying to practice economy while following his favorite hobby.

A Rhode Island Red hatched seven yellow and one black chicks; three days later another hen brought forth a brood of four yellow and one black balls of fluff.

For economy's sake the second flock was doubled up with the first. The mother hen opened her wings and clucked a welcome to the newcomers and all went well until she spotted the two black chicks together. Then she saw red. One black chick was enough for her family, and she promptly pecked and chased the offending black out of her nest.

SETS ARMY HIKING RECORD

Private John McGregor Makes 500 Miles in Fourteen Days With Full Pack.

Washington.—An endurance test has been completed by Private John McGregor of the Second division, believed by veteran infantrymen here to establish a new record for long-distance hiking with full pack for the army.

Major General Harbold, executive assistant to General Pershing, chief of staff, issued the official reports of McGregor's feat showing that he covered the last 500 miles of the march in 14 days, an average of more than 35 miles a day. The entire distance covered was 1,100 miles, from San Antonio, Tex., to Denver, Colo., and was made in 40 marching days.

STEAL DOOR OFF CALABOOSE

Model Town's Bastile Called Disgrace by New York State Prison Commission.

New York.—Dover Plains, N. Y., is such a model community for law and order that its privately owned jail has become the eyesore of the village. In the report, made public, of the state prison commission, the jail in Dover Plains has been characterized as a disgrace to the community.

The door of the private bastile has been stolen by an outsider, it is reported; most of the glass in both windows is gone, and the running water no longer is confined to the pipes and faucets. The only light in the jail is furnished by a lantern and the report says that there hasn't been any oil in this lamp in months.

MILLION IN MEXICAN CAPITAL

Population of City Is Estimated to Be Twice That of Ten Years Ago.

Mexico City, Mex.—The population of Mexico City has increased more than 100 per cent during the last ten years, according to recent estimates based on statistics, which fix the figure at approximately 1,000,000. This is far above the normal increase and the influx of persons is attributed as due to revolts. Housing conditions, as a result, are bad, and suitable dwellings are at a premium.

Unlimited Speeds.

"This Einstein theory is [illegible] interesting," said the [illegible]

"Do you understand it?"

"Not entirely, but it calls [illegible] the fact that stars and [illegible] [illegible] without [illegible] anything about speed regulations [illegible]

CUBA IS FREE OF 'EL POTE'

Island Republic Rejoices at the Death of its Richest Millionaire.

CRUEL POWER OF WEALTH

Peasant Trod Down Millions as He Piled up Riches on Misfortunes of Others—Lived and Died a Brute.

Havana.—"El Pote" is dead and all Cuba rejoices. The peasant who became a millionaire many times over and used his wealth to wield a cruel power died as he had lived, haunted and hated, a victim of his own power. In 40 years he established a career lurid with tragedy, dark with sordid scheming, tremendous with both success and failure. A year ago reputed the richest man in Cuba, he came to a miserable end at his own hands, and almost his last words were that the wealth which cost him 40 years of unremitting toil to accumulate did not yield him one hour of happiness.

Jose Lopez Rodrigues was known to virtually every one in Cuba. He was a strange, sinister figure, and even in death he furnishes a remarkable example of what can be accomplished by the constant, ruthless application of power to a single task. Pervo el Pote (the pot boils) was his watchword, his motto, the rule of his sordid life, and it was from this that he came to be called "El Pote," the name with which millions became familiar. For years he thrived, at the expense of others. Then the fortunes of war turned against him, and, fearing the loss of all his ill-gotten gains, he committed suicide by hanging himself with a twisted sheet.

Filthy of Body.

Not more than five feet in height, "El Pote" had the powerful, thickset frame typical of the Gallego peasant. He wore the oldest clothes he could find and was foul of mind and speech and filthy of body.

Jose Lopez Rodriguez was born in Spain and emigrated to Cuba in his fifteenth year, fleeing from the hard conditions of the Gallego peasant life. In Havana for a while he worked with pick and shovel, but as soon as he could he abandoned such hard manual labor to work for an old second-hand book dealer, peddling the books from house to house. One morning his aged employer was found dead in his bed and young Lopez Rodrigues, who slept on the premises, was arrested on suspicion of murder, but after spending some time in prison he was released for lack of sufficient evidence to indict.

The widow of the murdered bookseller continued the business and Lopez Rodriguez, after his release from prison returned to his old employment. One morning the widow was found hanging in her room, but, no evidence being found to confirm a suspicion that there had been foul play, a verdict of suicide was returned. By the time the young employee had saved up some money and he bought the business.

Piles Dollar on Dollar.

Living upon almost nothing and working tirelessly, he steadily increased his trade and piled one dollar on another until with the passage of the years his fortune grew to respectable dimensions.

When, after the wealth of Cubans had been drained by three years of revolution and embargo, the American fleet blockaded Havana in 1898, "El Pote"—for by that time he had come universally to be known by his sobriquet—was able to acquire for cash large properties for a tithe of their value, and when the Cuban republic was set up he was a rich man among men who had been ruined. The latter were compelled to go to him for cash which he alone was able to lend. And so it came to pass that many of those to whom the government of the young republic was entrusted were his debtors—which he never allowed them to forget.

He secured a monopoly on all Cuban printing, for which scandal scores went to jail. Then he got control of one of the biggest banks and wrecked that, "borrowing" no less than $11,000,000 without security of any kind. He loaned millions, but always demanded from 50 to 100 per cent interest.

It is believed that after the payment of all debts the estate of Jose Lopez Rodriguez will be worth somewhere around $10,000,000, proving that it was not the fear of penury that drove him to end his life in the fashion by which his employer 40 years ago had died and which had marked the beginning of his own prosperity.

Doctors Operated.

St. Louis.—Carl Williams, a negro, held by the police on a minor charge, the other day complained of stomach pains. An examination revealed he had swallowed a key and a nail. "Mighty funny; things like that don't usually bother me," he remarked. He was operated on for their removal.

Seeks "Rocket to Moon" Fund.

Worcester, Mass.—To send a rocket to the moon, as Prof. Robert H. Goddard of Clark college plans to do, will cost money, and the funds for completion of his experiments may be obtained by public subscription.

New York's Big Budget.

[illegible] years the cost of running the city of New York has increased from $[illegible]413 to more than $315,000,000.

Worthiness.

[illegible] can bear a world's contempt [illegible] has that within him which [illegible] worthy.—Alexander Smith.

Lots of Elderberry Wine; Pies and Jams Scarce

Harrisburg, Pa.—Elderberry pie and elderberry jam will be scarce in Pennsylvania next winter, according to reports received by state agriculture officials from farmers, but there will be no dearth of elderberry wine.

City wine makers in automobiles are robbing the elder bushes of their blossoms to make wine, the farmers complain.

With short strawberry and raspberry crops as a result of the drought, farmers were laying great store by their elderberry crop, but the other drought caused by national prohibition bids fair to make the elderberry crop short.

PAJAMAS "NOBBY" ON STREET

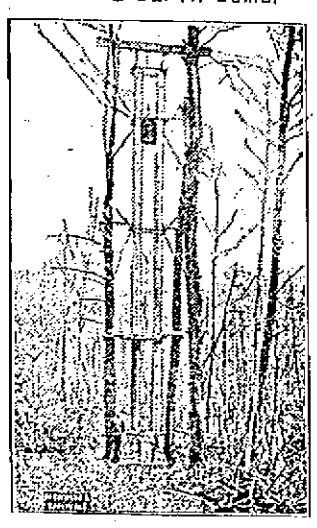
Russ Officer's Garb Leads to Distribution of Garments to Refugees.

Constantinople, Turkey.—American Red Cross and army pajamas are being converted into jaunty street clothes here by ingenious Russian refugee soldiers and civilians.

Hugh S. Bird, treasurer of the Red Cross, when here on a visit of inspection, saw a spick-and-span monocled Russian officer flourishing a cane and fanning himself with a straw hat at the local Red Cross offices. He noticed that the man had taken a suit of pajamas, sewed shoulder strap braid on them, strapped his officer's belt about them and rolled up the bottoms to give a trouser effect.

Mr. Bird thought so well of the ingenuity of the man, who had defeated the hot weather, that he gave orders for several thousand more pajamas to be distributed, so no Russian need wear his heavy, shabby winter clothes.

TESTING DEPTH BOMB.



Our crack yankee tars of the Pacific fleet have found a new method of experimenting with depth bombs. In a forest near Tacoma, a contrivance, pictured here, has been constructed. It is built after the fashion of a pile-driver. A test bomb is placed directly beneath the weight at the top of the grooved slide, and the weight is permitted to drop naturally. It has been found that the velocity attained by dropping from different heights gives to the weight a pressure equal to that of the water at corresponding depths. The result is that data is secured so that at sea explosions can be timed accurately, thus preventing premature explosions which might injure the ship carrying the bombs and fail to destroy enemy craft.

BOY BURNS UP MOTORBOAT

Heard Mother Objecting to Father Taking Ride in Craft, So He Destroyed It.

Philadelphia.—The mystery of the burning of the powerboat Susan G. at Camden has been cleared up by the confession of Ernest Gries, Jr., seventeen years old.

The youth told the police he burned the boat to please his mother. He told of lying on the lounge in the sitting room of his home while his mother and father were arguing over a trip the father wanted to take on the craft with a boat club over the holiday. Mrs. Gries did not want her husband to go.

The boy said he told his mother he would burn the boat, and so, early in the morning he went aboard in his canoe, soaked everything with gasoline from the tank, set it on fire and was blown overboard. He swam ashore, he said, and went to bed.

FLIES 300 MILES AN HOUR

Monoplane Invented by Italian Engineer Said to Need Little Landing Space.

Rome, Italy.—An airplane capable of landing without the need of a large aviation field, able to travel more than 300 miles an hour and, if necessary, to meander along at only a few miles an hour is announced as the invention of an Italian engineer, Epaminonda Bertucci of Rome.

The inventor reports that he has already tried out the machine on a small scale and regards his first experiments as indicative of the success of the invention. The new machine is primarily intended for aerial war [illegible] and is to be armed with a ma[illegible] It is a monoplane.

Vet Regains Voice.

Concordia, Kan.—Work in the harvest fields worked a miraculous cure for Henry Fallows of Pittsburgh, who had been unable to talk since he was shell shocked. He was prostrated by the heat. When he recovered consciousness he said: "Well, I [illegible] now."

IS RESTLESS AGE

Children Only Follow the Example of Their Parents.

Newspaper Asks the Pertinent Question Whether It Is Not Time to Stop and Think.

"The poor little rich girl" is no fiction, as is demonstrated from time to time when surveys are taken of children to determine the causes of malnutrition and over-fatigue. The children of the wealthy or well-to-do more often than the children of the poor are found to be under weight or nervous. Sometimes the trouble is due to careless or improper feeding, though oftener to the complexity of modern life, says Dr. Borden S. Veeder of St. Louis, speaking before the section on the diseases of children at the meeting of the American Medical association, in session in Boston, the Oklahoman states.

"My little girl never has a leisure hour—in fact, she is just as busy as I am," said a mother to me one day.

"We just cannot keep our children at home in the evening," said another mother. "We have made a rule that they could not go out to parties or clubs except on Friday and Saturday nights, but we find we cannot enforce it."

It's the same old story—keeping up with Lizzie.

If your neighbor's child must be on the "go" continually, then, in order to keep the pace, your child must follow that silly example. At least that seems to be the popular supposition—keep up with Lizzie if you undermine your health, if you fail to secure a sound education, if you prepare for failure instead of success.

It is not surprising if the children and young people of today are eternally restless, if they never are content to remain at home, if they find life intolerable when their days and nights are not crowded with pleasure and amusements. Children always follow the example of their parents. When the mother belongs to three or four card clubs, a literary club or two, attends luncheons, teas and dinners, plays golf, sits on committees, dabbles a little in politics, what can you expect of the children? Growing up in an atmosphere where there is no quiet or repose, it is inevitable that children should be restless, continually seeking after new excitements, competing socially with those in their own circle, bent—on being seen everywhere and having a good time at all costs. When a mother who is always going about remonstrates with her children for making so many engagements, that they have no time either for the necessary amount of rest or study, it is not surprising that her remarks carry no conviction.

When either children or adults spend their lives rushing from one place to another, from one pleasure to another, what have they, in the end, to show for their scattering of energy, their expenditure of time?

Women today are highly organized in culture clubs, patrons' clubs, and civic societies. Why do they not get together on this problem of conserving the time and energy of their children, saving a part of it from the eternal program of joy rides, dances, clubs and picture shows?

Seek Origin of Granite.

Two Harvard geologists, Professors Reginald A. Daly and Charles Palache, accompanied by Dr. G. A. F. Molengraaf, a Dutch scientist, plan to spend the early months of 1922 in an expedition to South Africa to study unusual geological formations in that region, the university announced recently.

Dr. Fred E. Wright, petrologist of the geo-physical laboratory at Washington, will accompany the party as the representative of the Carnegie institution.

The chief object of the scientists, who plan to leave England next January, will be the study of a body of obtrusive rock north of Pretoria, and they hope that their investigations will shed some light on the origin of granite, which has long perplexed geologists.

Dr. Molengraaf was formerly chief geologist of the Transvaal republic. He has also done considerable work in the East Indies.

Photography as a Sculptor.

Baese, of Florence, Italy, invented a process for producing bas-reliefs by photography. The basis of the invention is the property possessed by a film of chromium gelatin of swelling in proportion to the intensity of the light falling upon it. The swelling is greater with low than with high intensity, so that the light passing through a photographic negative produces upon a chromium-gelatin plate a positive in distinct relief. The transparency of an ordinary negative, however, is not truly proportional to the relief of the original method, but by an ingenious automatic device, involving a double exposure, this difficulty is avoided, and a negative is obtained having its lights and shades correctly graded to produce the effect of relief.

Eskimo Babies.

The Eskimo babies are seldom weaned till they are four or five years old, but are taught to chew tobacco and to swallow the juice between the ages of nine and twelve months.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Thackeray.

Sara Orne Jewett says of Thackeray: "Thackeray is so great, a great Christian. He does not affect, he humbly learns and reverently tries to teach out of his own experiences."

Yes, Indeed.

A woman at Walthamstow complained that her son-in-law annoyed her by sleeping on the doorstep. The young man sounds more like a stepchild.—London Tit-Bits.

THE STAR IN THE DAYTIME

It Is There, and Once Found May Be Seen by Any One Who Knows How to Look.

The curious thing about the star was that once you found it, looked right at it and kept your attention fixed upon it you could see it clearly if you had the right kind of eyes. Lots of people couldn't see it at all, some because they were blinded by the garish light of an extraordinarily bright and sunny morning. The sky was a bottomless sea of azure; the clouds that swept across, melting into shifting wisps and flecks or vanishing altogether as the sunshine ate them up, shone like new snow. The fluttering flags on tall poles distracted your gaze. But if you did get into a shadowed place or down in the depths of the canyons between the towering building, carefully worked out the exact location and fixed your gaze there you saw the star, glittering like a diamond in the blue.

Then it came to you afresh that after all the stars are there all the time, passing stately across the sky, sending out their steady stream of light, as much and as truly in the glare of the brightest day as against the velvet blackness of the darkest night. It is not their fault if we do not see them. It is the fault of our eyes, filled with the blaze of things, or of the earth-born clouds that shut us in. Also, we do not trouble in the daytime to look at, or for, the stars. Only those who look, out of the depths of canyons or at the bottom of narrow vistas, see the stars in the daytime.

In the daytime we are all-powerful. In the awe of loneliness of night we pray, each after his own fashion:

"Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

As if to say: "While I am awake and on the job, I can take care of myself. While the sun is shining, never mind the stars." The prayers of most of us come out of our fears.

Suddenly comes a day when we discover that, whether we look for it or not, the star is overhead and shining, regardless of our seeing. And we realize then that if your eyes are open and intent we can see it and steer by it—unless we suffer the garishness of the day to blind us to its glittering presence.

Want Pedigrees With Fish.

"It's getting so I almost have to give a pedigree with every mounted fish that I sell in my store," said the taxidermist. "When the fishing season starts a great number of rodmen who spend their summers in Maine come into my shop and purchase a few mounted large specimens of fish to decorate their camps.

"Generally when I sell a specimen to a man who wishes to decorate his fishing lodge I have to give the buyer a lot of details about the fish. He always wants to know exactly where it was caught, whether it fights hard when it is on the line, how large the specie grows and all the details concerning the fish's peculiarities, so when the mount is placed on the wall of the rodman's cabin he can answer all the questions put to him by his guests. One man told me that last summer he had the walls of his camp covered with mounted fish that he bought in the city and when his guests questioned him about them he became embarrassed as he could not give any details about them. He told me that this summer he had a good story all prepared for each specimen."—New York Sun.

Small Town Customs.

The lecturer had walked up and down the platform constantly while he talked. Mrs. Paine commented on this fact as she and her family, which she had induced with great persuasion to attend the lecture, were on their way home. "Why, the reason was perfectly plain," snorted Mr. Paine, disgustedly. "His talk was too dry to interest his audience, so he pranced around to keep their attention."

"Oh, no, that's not the reason," burst in the high school member of the Paine family. "He comes from a small town where eggs are plentiful. He's no doubt formed the walking habit, so that he can dodge them all the better."—Indianapolis News.

Chained Hound Fed by Airedale.

Point Pleasant, W. Va.—"Pat," an Airedale puppy, owned by E. E. Thomas of this town, for some time has been bringing choice bones to "Jack," a hound, which Bert Shiflet, its master, keeps chained to its kennel. It was learned. Extra bones and choice bits of meat have been noticed near the kennel. Mrs. Shiflet watched and saw "Pat" approach with a large soup bone. He placed it in front of his friend, wagged his tail while it was devoured, and then romped away.

CUTICURA
PREVENTS FALLING HAIR

If your scalp is irritated, and your hair dry and falling out in handfuls, try this treatment: Touch spots of dandruff and itching with Cuticura Ointment and follow with hot shampoo of Cuticura Soap. Absolutely nothing better.

Sample Each Free by Mail. Address: "Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 21D, Malden 48, Mass." Sold everywhere. Soap 25c. Ointment 25 and 50c. Talcum 25c. Cuticura Soap shaves without mug.

The Savings Bank of Newport, R. I.

INCORPORATED 1819

At the annual meeting of the corporation of this bank held Friday July 15, 1921, the following gentlemen were elected trustees for the ensuing year.

Wm. H. Hammett	Wm. W. Covell	Edward A. Sherman
Wm. A. Sherman	T. T. Pitman	Wm. P. Buffum
Grant P. Taylor	Peter King	Henry C. Stevens, Jr.
Anthony Stewart	Bradford Norman	Wm. P. Carr
		Wm. P. Sheffield, Jr.

Wm. H. Hammett was elected President, Wm. A Sherman, Vice President and Wm. P. Carr, Secretary.

At a meeting of the trustees after the corporation meeting the following named officers were elected.

Grant P. Taylor, Treas.	Harry G. Wilks, Assistant Treas.
Abner L. Slocum, Clerk	G. Harry Draper, Clerk
Gertrude B. Hummell, Clerk	Anna R. Hummell, Clerk
Hazel S. Bailey, Clerk	

Wm. P. CARR, Secretary.

BY SPENDING LESS

than you earn and depositing the surplus promptly each week with The Industrial Trust Company, you will have a good size reserve fund to your credit.

4 Per Cent. Interest paid on Participation Accounts

Money deposited on or before the 15th of any month draws interest from the 1st of that month.

THE INDUSTRIAL TRUST COMPANY
(OFFICE WITH NEWPORT TRUST COMPANY)

EVERY ARTICLE SOLD IS MADE ON THE PREMISES

SIMON KOSCHNY'S SONS

Manufacturing Confectioners

232 Thames Street Branch, 16 Broadway

NEWPORT, R. I.

CHOCOLATES A SPECIALTY MARZIPAN CONFECT.

All Chocolate Goods are made of Walter Baker Chocolate Covering

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC CAKES A SPECIALTY

INDIVIDUAL ICES AND SHERBETS

All Orders Promptly Attended to

CHOICE CANDIES MADE DAILY

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

All Goods are Pure Absolutely

How to Tell.

It is quite easy to tell how long a man has been married by the way he speaks to his wife. If he says "My darling wife," that means three months; "wifey," six months; "the wife," one year; "Mrs. Blank," two or three years; "the missus," five or six years; "mother," seven years; "my better half," ten years; "the old lady" twenty years; "grandma," twenty-nine years; "Mrs. Blank," forty-two years; "Jane," fifty years.—Portland Oregonian.

Science in Palestine.

Harefoeah (Medicine) is the name of the Jewish Medical association of Palestine's new quarterly medical journal. It is dedicated to the memory of the Jewish physicians and nurses who laid down their lives in the years of upheaval in the holy land. The association is established with a view to strengthening and co-ordinating the medical forces of the country, to secure the collaboration of doctors outside of Palestine, to giving medical work of the country a national as well as a human value and to preparing a field for the researches of Jewish scientists which may lead to the creation of a Hebrew university.

Not Bestirring Himself.

"There's something wrong with that hired man of mine," said Mr. Cobbles.

"What do you think is the matter with him, father?" asked Mrs. Cobbles.

"As near as I can judge, he thinks we're operating a summer resort, and he's come here to sorter rest an' build himself up."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Alfalfa Came From Asia.

Alfalfa is a native of Asia, but has been cultivated in Europe since before the time of Christ. The Spaniards introduced it into South America until some time between 1830 and 1800, when it was brought to California. Since then it has become the most extensively cultivated forage crop in the United States.

Based upon the performance of 60 large locomotives operating over nearly 700 miles of route on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, and on other facts of record, it has been estimated that the passenger and revenue freight tonnage of the United States could be hauled by electric locomotives for one-third the coal now burned under steam-engine boilers.

Theocratic Government.

Theocracy was the name given to a system of government by ecclesiastical authorities, professedly in the name of and under the direction of heaven itself. The priests claimed to rule under the immediate sovereignty of God, and the revelations announced as coming from the deity were given out as the civil law of the state. The people of ancient Israel were under such a government from the time of the Exodus until the accession of King Saul.

Lifted Horizons.

While all melts under our feet, we may well grasp at any exquisite passion, or any contribution to knowledge that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit free for a moment, or any stirring of the senses, strange dyes, strange colors, and curious odors, or work of the artist's hands, or the face of one's friends.—Walter Pater, in The Renaissance.

Impartial.

An English clergyman, Father Black, spent a great deal of his time visiting prisons and trying to reform the inmates. On one occasion a housebreaker said to him gratefully: "I must thank you, sir, for what you have done for me. There was a time when I knew nothing of God or of the devil, either, but somehow you have made me love 'em both."

In Terms of Millicuries.

The name of the discoverer of radium is perpetuated in that of the unit used in measuring radioactivity, viz. the "curie." The multiples and subdivisions of the unit are named in accordance with metric nomenclature, the "millicurie," one thousandth of a curie, being the one most frequently used.—Science Service.

Some Peculiar Trees.

Among the many peculiar trees of Australia are found the flame-trees, rising nearly 100 feet; the fire-trees, the only tree that blossoms scarlet red; and Indian figs, a wonderful lofty tree of graceful form and brilliant color.

Soapmakers.

In the village of Kineton, Warwickshire, England, the women save all the pieces of fat and make soap in their homes. They supply the whole village with soap, both for toilet and household purposes.

Henry's Young Grandmother

By R. RAY BAKER

(© 1921, by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Alice Trover's heart was heavy as she turned from the window where, shielded by a curtain, she had watched Henry Gordon disappear round a corner of the street.

She dropped into a chair and picked up a magazine. The cover represented and insipid young woman carrying a parasol and a dog, looking in rapture over a fence at a stack of hay. The cover oppressed Alice, so she turned to the back and absently began reading an advertisement in colors.

"Discovered! The Elixir of Youth!" ran the headline of the advertisement in bright red letters. And a subtitle below it was:

"Why Have Wrinkles? Use Sylvia Hall's Carmine Cold Cream and Banish Signs of Age and Worry."

Then there were two pictures, one of a woman who might be about eighty-five years old, and the other of a girl of perhaps sixteen. On perusing further, Alice discovered that the two persons were one and the same, the first being "before" and the other "after" using the wonderful "Carmine Cold Cream."

Alice discarded the magazine and smiled bitterly.

"Perhaps I had better invest in some of that," she mused. "Not that I'm so old, but I'd like to banish worry. I must be getting a liberal supply of wrinkles, and I'll be looking like a hundred years old if this ordeal doesn't end pretty soon. Why can't I muster enough courage to do my duty to Henry and myself?"

The "ordeal" in question began two weeks ago, when Alice first saw Henry with another woman. They had been in a restaurant dining, and Alice had happened along and had seen them through a window. The view was from a distance, but it had been sufficient to convince Alice that her rival was young and good looking.

She waited for Henry to speak of the matter, but he did not mention it.

She Had Watched Henry Gordon.

Inasmuch as he had been engaged to Alice for a year, it would have been the proper thing for him to explain himself, she thought.

Alice was willing to let it drop, only, the very next day Jeanie Qualtes, who worked with her in the shoe manufacturer's office, came to her with a story of having seen Henry with "a very stylishly dressed young woman" at a matinee. Soon after other friends were kind enough to inform her of episodes of a similar nature, and finally Alice again saw the pair herself at the same restaurant, through the same window.

Then she decided she must act. She could no longer keep Henry's ring. He had fallen in love with another girl, and his own sense of duty was preventing him from stepping out of Alice's life. That was the way Alice figured it.

Three times after Alice had made that decision Henry called on her, and three times she had tried to act as she had planned. But she cared so much for him, and he treated her so much as he always had that she could not bring herself to the climax of their romance that she had determined upon.

Finally, in desperation, Alice sought the advice of her aunt, who was worldly wise and versed in matters of the heart, having had three husbands and survived them all. She found her aunt performing her toilet and making profuse use of some crimson, pastelike substance which she took from a large jar.

"Making myself young again," explained the aunt, rubbing the oily substance into her face. "This is Sylvia Hall's Carmine Cream, which restores youth, banishes old age and wrinkles. You won't know me when I get made up. I think I'll try my hand at matrimony again when I have camouflaged the traces of Father Time's scythe."

She refused to become serious when Alice related her tale of woe.

"There's only one of two things to do," advised the aunt. "Hand him his ring and forget about him (what's one man more or less? There's plenty of them.) Or get busy and beat out this other woman that has stolen his affections. This may sound terribly slangy, but that's the result of the youth restorer getting in its work."

"But I love him too much to let him go, even though it's my duty," protested Alice, "and I can't bring myself to entering in a contest for his affections, especially when I've had them all to myself for so long."

"Better think it over, then," said the aunt. "You have my advice, and it's the best I can give. Better let him take the initiative, if you can't do it yourself."

"I must, though. It's my plain duty to break off our engagement and let Henry and this other woman enjoy happiness. I'll do it next time I see him, in spite of the inclination of my heart."

And Alice took her leave, while her aunt muttered something about "heart, affections—rot!" and resumed lathering her face.

While Alice was passing the window, however, the aunt appeared to have been struck with an idea, for she called:

"Alice, I just happened to think of something. Perhaps this other woman is Henry's sister, or cousin, or—or his mother. You never can tell these days, you know. Wait till you see me after this restorer gets in its fine work."

"No, it can't be," Alice rejoined. "Henry has no sisters or cousins. I know that to be a fact! and his mother is dead."

"Too bad, then. I thought perhaps I'd solved the puzzle. Well, good by; and don't lose any sleep and get a lot of worry wrinkles."

At the dinner hour the next day Alice could not keep away from the restaurant where her troubles of the heart had begun. She had no intention of spying, but she simply must know if "that affair" was continuing.

Evidently it was, for through the window Alice saw Henry and the fashionably garbed woman she had almost learned to hate. Apparently they had dined earlier than usual, for Henry was paying the cashier and the lady was waiting for him. She carried a pink parasol, and all she needed, Alice thought, to duplicate the insipid picture on the front of a magazine was to have a dog nestled under her arm and a stack of hay at which to gaze in rapture.

"She's a silly looking young thing," the watcher remarked, and started away, determined not to be seen.

But she was seen. Henry spied her as he turned from the cashier's desk. Immediately he waved to her, and linking his arm through that of the other woman he strode to the door.

"Good evening, Alice," he said, doffing his hat and drawing the other woman toward his fiancee.

"Good evening," Alice responded coldly.

"I'd like you to meet a very celebrated lady," Henry went on. "You've read lots about her, no doubt, for her name is in all the magazines. Women are blessing her in every part of the globe for the good service she is performing for hem. Alice, this is Sylvia Hall, the inventor and manufacturer of the famous 'Carmine Cream,' that has banished age for so many, including herself. She's a living advertisement of her wares, as you can see for yourself. And," he finished proudly, "she's my only living relative. Alice, my fiancee—my grandmother."

DIPLOMATS IN GAUDY DRESS

Uniforms Worn Long Ago by American Representatives Abroad Had No Note of Simplicity.

With the early life of the Republic we are inclined to associate the idea of Jeffersonian simplicity in all forms, yet in 1817 the accepted uniform of the American diplomatic service was as follows, according to the Literary Digest: Blue coat lined with white silk; straight standing cape embroidered with gold, single-breasted, straight or round buttonholes, slightly embroidered; buttons plain, or if they can be had, with white silk; straight standing upon them, i. e., an eagle flying with a wreath in its mouth, grasping lightning in its talons; cuffs embroidered in the manner of the cape; white cashmere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings and gold or gilt shoe-buckles. A three-cornered cheapeau bras, not so large as those worn by the French nor so small as those worn by the English. A black cockade to which, lately, an eagle has been attached. Sword, etc., corresponding.

Then Andrew Jackson became President, and the uniform was modified for economy and to be better "adapted to the simplicity of our institutions," and finally, in 1853, there went forth the recommendation to ministers to confine themselves to the "simple dress of an American citizen," a recommendation which, we are told, produced "a terrible uproar in Europe."

When Doctors Disagree.

"What did the doctors decide upon at the consulation?"

"The surgeon advised an operation."

"Did they all agree with him?"

"No. The osteopath insisted upon osteopath treatments; the electrical man thought electricity necessary; the throat specialist recommended his treatment, so we decided to stick to the family doctor since we couldn't give them all a chance."

Force in Writing.

The secret of force in writing lies not so much in the pedigree of nouns and adjectives and verbs as in having something that you believe in to say and making the parts of speech vividly conscious of it.—Lowell.

Prevent a Black Eye.

When a child has had a fall or received a blow which is likely to cause a black eye, the best remedy is to butter the parts for two or three inches around the eye every few minutes for an hour.

Got Name From Its Tail.

The squirrel derived its name from its tail. The word comes from the Greek skiouros; skia, a shadow, and oura, a tail. So that a squirrel is the animal which shades itself by its tail.

Jud Tunkins.

Jud Tunkins says so long as building is so expensive he wishes carpenters wouldn't throw so many nails around to be carried off in his automobile tires.

IMPORTANT NEED FOR MORE TREES

Three-Fifths of Primeval Forests Have Been Cut Away, Says Forester Greeley.

SUPPLY OF WOOD NECESSARY

Despite Fact That Many Substitutes Have Been Devised Demand for Timber Continues to Grow—Much Land Is Idle.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Timber depletion has now reached a point in this country where three-fifths of the primeval forests are gone and where 61 per cent of the timber that is left is west of the Great Plains, Col. W. B. Greeley, chief forester, forest service of the Department of Agriculture of the United States, recently told the members of the Chicago Association of Commerce.

Liberal use of American forests was a necessary part of the commercial growth of this nation, Colonel Greeley believes, but reforestation should have been practiced, if not from the start, at least in late years. There is an abundant area of forest land in this country to support all industries, and a liberal supply of wood is most necessary to the people of this country. It was thought that, like the European countries, we would use, when our civilization was older, but one-third or one-half as much wood per capita as we did in the early days. But this rule does not affect the American people. The older the states and communities in this country grow the more timber they seem to require in one form or another.

Demand Continues to Grow.

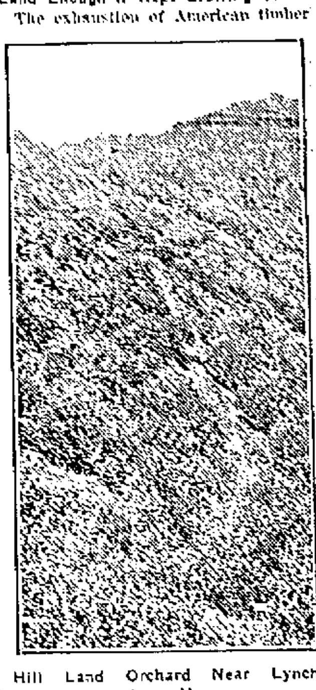
Many substitutes have been devised for wood, and yet the great demand of the country for timber continues to grow. More wood is used in construction today than before the discovery of concrete, and more wood is used in building railway cars than before the steel or part-steel car was developed. This is apparently true in nearly every industry.

Abundant and widely distributed forests have meant to the United States homes for the masses of the people beyond the standards of any other nation. They have placed newspapers and magazines on the average family table. They have contributed largely to social and industrial conditions which promote democracy and constructive energy rather than discontent and destructive social forces bred by hard and comfortless conditions of life.

The idleness of 81,000,000 acres of forest land, an area increased by 8,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres annually, destructive logging, and still more destructive forest fires are the factors at work to increase the timber shortage.

Land Enough If Kept Growing Trees.

The exhaustion of American timber



Hill Land Orchard Near Lynchburg, Va.

has not come about because the forests have been used so freely but because of the failure to use forest-growing land. In a nutshell, the problem is that the United States is cutting wood out of its forests three or four times as fast as it is being grown. Much of the land on which timber stands or has been cut off will always be forest land. It is ample to grow all the wood needed for the use of the people of this country and for export trade in lumber and products manufactured from lumber, if the land can be kept at work growing trees. Timber for the future is simply a matter of putting idle land to work.

Every reasonable encouragement should be given to the landowner to grow timber on his own account in the ways best suited to his own purposes, but by some means or other the public must see to it that forest lands not needed for agriculture do not lie idle. The regulations imposed must be reasonable and equitable. Obviously the owner of the land cannot do it all. The public must aid him in overcoming the hazard of forest fires and must recognize that the present methods of taxing forests in many regions are equivalent to taxing a farm crop twice a week during the growing season.

An Asinine Ad.

"Wanted to Buy—A few good sized mules. Must be reasonable." Who ever saw a reasonable mule?

Daily Thought.

The things which must be must be for the best.—Owen Meredith.

DIFFERENT WAYS FOR GIRL TO MAKE MONEY

Poultry, Dairy or Garden Are Good Suggestions.

Parents Should Encourage Young Woman to Establish Herself as Semi-Independent Member of the Farm Family.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

When a city girl feels the need of money—her own money, to pay for the things girls imagine they must have these days—she goes to work in an office, a store, or a factory, according to her education and opportunity. In the country a girl, with much the same longings for nice things and "good times," looks to the poultry yard, the milk house, or the garden for her spending money. If her parents are the right kind, if they are intelligent

Preparing Vegetables for City Market.

enough to help her and encourage her in her work, she will soon establish herself as a semi-independent member of the family. If, as often happens, the parents are not disposed to have such goings-on, and there is no home-demonstration agent, no girls' club, no extension work of any kind in the community, the country girl goes to the city and the farming regions have lost one more potential home and family.

No doubt exists in the minds of men and women of large experience in the extension work carried on by the United States Department of Agriculture in co-operation with state agricultural colleges that the economic appeal is the entering influence needed in getting their clubs or bureaus started in rural regions. Once the young people have learned a way to earn money the desire for the things it will buy asserts itself, and home betterments and improved living conditions follow naturally.

Down in Arkansas a girls' canning club started a contest to determine which of the members could produce the most tomatoes at the least expense, and with the lowest percentage of waste. Annet Sargo, on the Mount Valley route, near Hot Springs, grew 3,140 pounds of tomatoes on one-tenth of an acre, at a cost of $81.40 and net returns of $100. With the same expense her sister, Fannie, grew 3,020 pounds and had a net return of $107.89. Ada Rosamond grew 2,889 pounds, costing $27.42, with a net return of $70.03, and Ruby Waddell, at Bonnerville, had 3,070 pounds, costing $20.91, with net returns of $68.

HENS IN GOOSEBERRY PATCH

Fowls Will Do Much Toward Clearing Out Fruit-Worm From Under Trash in Garden.

One gooseberry insect we have with us that isn't easy to control is the fruit worm. It doesn't often become a serious pest but occasionally it has been known to take a whole crop. The worm eats into the partly grown berry and feeds on the pulp. Hand-picking is still the method used to hold this worm in check. Poultry ought to be turned into the gooseberry patch after the fruit is picked, as the hens will do a lot toward clearing the worms from under the trash. Poultry and fruit are a good combination when run right.

Embarrassing Situation.

My most embarrassing situation happened when I was a young girl. Our Sunday school gave a picnic in the woods and I attended, wearing a white dress, and carrying a green silk parasol. Unfortunately, a rain came up and after it was over my dress was as green as my parasol.—Chicago Journal.

Shoddy Sheep.

"I believe I'll go over and examine them sheep of Jupe's a little carefuller," said Mr. T---- to his wife; he's offered three of 'em for that yeller heifer, but knowin' him as I do I aim to be sure 'fore he gets her that their fleece ain't half cotton 'stead of all wool."—Youth's Companion.

The Oldest Feast.

The Jewish Feast of the Passover is the oldest religious celebration known to mankind. It had its birth on the banks of the Nile 4,000 years ago in the twilight of history. The feast, an impressive function, lasted through eight days.

The Red Sea.

The Hebrews called the Red sea the Yan Suph, or sea of weeds of sedge. The Red sea is really red, due to a minute bright red plant, a kind of seaweed so small that 25,000,000 can live and thrive within a single cubic inch of water.

Children Cry
FOR FLETCHER'S
CASTORIA

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

© Western Newspaper Union.

FORSYTH'S SCOUTS, THE ORIGINAL "ROUGH RIDERS"

This is the story of 51 scouts, instead of just one, for together they won undying fame in one of the fiercest battles ever fought with the Indians on the frontier. They were Forsyth's Scouts, the "Rough Riders of 1868." Gen. George A. Forsyth was their leader—"Sandy" Forsyth, he had been called in Civil war days.

The scouts left Fort Wallace, Kan., in pursuit of a band of Dog Soldier Cheyennes who had been raiding in western Kansas. Early one September morning while they were camped on the Arickaree river in eastern Colorado the Indians appeared and tried to stampede their horses. As the scouts prepared to mount and give battle, Sharpe Grover, their guide, touched Forsyth on the arm. "Oh, heavens, general!" he cried, "look at the Indians!"

In the next instant the surrounding hills and valleys were alive with savages, who charged down upon the scouts, but were driven off by a few volleys. Surrounded and hopelessly outnumbered, there was but one thing for Forsyth to do. In the center of the stream was a little island on which grew a few small trees. "Make for the island, men!" shouted Forsyth. "It's our only chance."

They reached the island just in time. While Indian riflemen along the banks of the stream poured in a hot fire, a picked body of 600 warriors led by the Cheyenne chief, Roman Nose, charged down upon them, intending to ride over Forsyth's band in one red wave of destruction. The Indians were beaten back, they settled down to besiege the scouts.

Twenty-three of the 51 scouts had been killed or wounded when evening came. Forsyth was suffering from three wounds and Lieut. Fred Beecher, the second in command, had been killed, as had the only surgeon in the command.

For nine days, in spite of hunger and wounds, the little band of scouts beat off the Cheyennes, until two of the scouts managed to slip through the Indian lines at night and guide a force of cavalry to their rescue. Once Forsyth gave the unwounded scouts a chance to try to escape, leaving him and the other wounded to their fate, but they refused. "We've fought together, and we'll die together, if we must!" was their heroic answer.

The island was named Beecher's island, in honor of their lieutenant, and today a monument stands on it to mark forever the place where Forsyth's Scouts fought so bravely.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

© Western Newspaper Union.

HOW JACK STILLWELL WHIPPED A RATTLESNAKE

Gen. "Sandy" Forsyth's band of scouts had been surrounded by Chief Roman Nose's Cheyennes and in the sandy bed of the Arickaree river in eastern Colorado they were fighting for their lives one September day in 1868. They had no food; their doctor had been killed, and relief must come soon if they were to be saved. Forsyth called for volunteers to go to Fort Wallace, Kan., 100 miles away, for aid.

Every unwounded man at once offered himself for the perilous journey, but the general selected Pete Trudeau, an old hunter, and Jack Stillwell, a boy of nineteen. When night came the two scouts started. Taking off their boots, they walked backward down the dry river bed in their stocking feet to deceive any Indians who might come upon their trail.

When morning came they hid in a dry ravine within sight and sound of an Indian camp. They had nothing to eat or drink, and the sun beat upon them fiercely all day long. On the morning of the fourth day they found themselves on the open plain with no cover in sight.

Suddenly they came upon the skeleton of a buffalo surrounded by a rank growth of green grass. Into this scanty refuge Trudeau and Stillwell hastily crept. They were not a minute too soon. A large party of Indians appeared and halted within a hundred yards of their hiding place. The scouts were hugging the ground when Trudeau heard a hiss in the grass in front of him, and a second later a big rattlesnake crawled sluggishly out and coiled within a foot of the scout's head.

Stillwell was chewing tobacco, and just before the snake sounded his deadly rattle, the young scout leaned forward and shot the spray of tobacco juice squarely into the open jaws and eyes of the reptile. The rattler could not stand such a dose. He crawled hastily away. The Indians soon passed on without discovering the scouts. Stillwell's lucky shot had saved their lives.

Forty-eight hours later the two men reached Fort Wallace. Trudeau was completely broken by his terrible experience and he died a few days later, but when the relief expedition left Fort Wallace the undaunted Stillwell rode at its head. He lived to become a judge in Texas and a leading figure in that state until his death a few years ago.

Poor.

"Here's a pass for two. Take your girl to the theater tonight."

"Sorry, mister, but I can't accept your generosity."

"Why not?"

"I can't afford the price of the meal she'd expect after the show."—Detroit Free Press.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

© Western Newspaper Union.

FRANK NORTH, "WHITE CHIEF OF THE PAWNEES"

Only once in history did Indians succeed in wrecking one of the "white man's iron horses," and this occurred in 1867 when a band of Cheyennes ditched a freight train on the Union Pacific near Plum Creek, Neb. A strange scene followed. Among the loot which the savages took from the wrecked cars were hundreds of bolts of calico. In a sportive mood, the young warriors tied the ends of the calico to their ponies' tails. Then they went careening over the prairie, the long waves of many-colored cloth billowing and floating behind them.

While the Cheyennes were still enjoying this sport, from the surrounding hills dashed a band of mounted Indians led by a white man of soldierly bearing. When the Cheyennes saw him charging down upon them, they fled in every direction, crying "The White Chief of the Pawnee! The White Chief of the Pawnee!"

Maj. Frank North was the "White Chief of the Pawnees." He had lived among them and they loved him. They adopted him into the tribe, calling him Pawnee La Shara. This meant "great chief of the Pawnees" and chief even of the Pawnee chiefs. No other Pawnee and only one white man, Gen. John C. Fremont, ever held that title. Major North enlisted his first Pawnee scouts in 1864, and in every war on the plains thereafter they did valiant service.

The scouts were issued regulation blue uniforms, but they had their own ideas about how to wear them. A full dress parade was an amusing sight. Some wore only the trousers and were bareheaded; others wore the big black hat, but had a breech cloth in place of trousers; and others cut out the seat of the pantaloons, leaving only leggings. All wore spurs, whether they had on boots, moccasins or were barefoot. But they were good fighters for all of that.

They were with General Carr at the Battle of Summit Springs, Colo., in 1869, and here Major North killed the Sioux chief Tall Bull, although Buffalo Bill is sometimes credited with that feat.

During his scout career Major North became a close friend of Buffalo Bill, and when he disbanded his scouts, Cody and North went into the cattle business in Nebraska together, and were partners for many years.

Stories of Great Scouts

By Elmo Scott Watson

© Western Newspaper Union.

SHARPE GROVER, "BEST SCOUT GOVERNMENT EVER HAD"

"The best scout the government ever had," said some of the army officers for whom Sharpe Grover scouted during the Indian wars in Kansas in 1867-68, and more than once he showed himself worthy of the title. He had married a Sioux woman, and lived with the tribe for years. He could speak their language and knew their ways. As a trailer and reader of signs, Grover was without a peer.

He could tell how long since the tracks had been made; whether they were by horses or ponies, shod or unshod; how many were ridden, how many were driven; whether it was a war party or one moving from one camp to another.

When the Sioux went on the warpath in 1866, Grover left them and joined the army as a scout for Custer. In August, 1868, with Billy Comstock, another noted scout, he visited the camp of Chief Turkey Leg of the Cheyennes, whose warriors were supposed to be friendly. One of the Indians, however, saw the fine pearl-handled revolver carried by Comstock and determined to have it. When the scouts left the camp seven Cheyennes rode away with them.

While engaged in friendly conversation, the Indians suddenly dropped to the rear and opened fire. Comstock was killed instantly and Grover badly wounded, but lying on the ground and making a desperate defense of Comstock's body, he fought off the Indians until nightfall and escaped.

The next month Grover joined Gen. G. A. Forsyth's band of scouts and was with them at the celebrated Beecher's Island fight. As Roman Nose's warriors shouted to each other, Grover understood everything they said, and told Forsyth what they were planning to do. After the biggest charge of the Sioux and Cheyennes had been turned back, Forsyth turned to Grover and said: "Can they do better than that, Grover?"

"I have been on the plains, man and boy, for 30 years, and I never saw such a charge before," was the scout's reply. "I think they have done their level best."

"All right, we're good for them, then," said Forsyth.

For years the fact that Grover was with Forsyth that day was kept from the Indians, for he was friendly with them, and they would have killed him without mercy, had they known. Later they did learn it and attempted several times to kill him, but he always escaped. Unfortunately Grover drank heavily, and a few years after the Beecher fight he was killed in a [illegible]

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TRULY WIZARD WITH PEN

Englishman of Queen Elizabeth's Time Did Work That Probably Never Was Equaled.

England at one time possessed a penman capable of rivaling Nessi Effendi Markazeni, an Arab now on a visit to Cairo with specimens of his art, including a grain of rice on which he has written 100 words from the Koran. Peter Bales, as we learn from Hollinshed's Chronicle, put in the compass of a silver penny more things than fill several ordinary pages, and presented Queen Elizabeth with the manuscript set in a gold ring and covered with a crystal, together with a magnifying glass so powerful that the queen could easily decipher the manuscript, which she held on her thumbnail and commended the same to the lords of the council and the ambassadors.

Bales subsequently issued a challenge "to the Englishmen and strangers" to write, for a pen of gold of £20 value, in all kinds of hands, "best, straightest and fastest," and most kinds of ways, "a full, a mean, a small, with line and without line; in a slow set hand, a mean facile hand, and a fast running hand," and further, to write "truest and speediest, most secretary and clerklike, from a man's mouth, reading, or pronouncing, either English or Latin."

Another writing master, David Johnson, accepted the challenge, and the contest opened on Michaelmas day, 1595, before five judges and a hundred spectators. Bales was adjudged the winner in all three sections, though the competition in "writing sundry kinds of fair hands" proved a near thing for him. He gained points for the beauty and "most authentic proportion" of his "Roman hand," but Johnson scored more marks in court hand and in "bastard secretary" hand. Bales, being then on his mettle, presented his "Master Piece," composed of "secretary and Roman hand four ways varied," and offered to forego all his previous advantages if Johnson could better it. This proved impossible, so Bales carried off the gold pen and had it painted and set up for his sign.—Manchester Guardian.

Taming the Wild Flowers.

At a flower show held in New York city, one naturally expects to see hothouse plants or at most such pampered exotics as appear in cultivated gardens. At the recent annual show, however, there was an exhibit that was a veritable wild garden, comprising exclusively plants that are native to the New England fields and woodlands. The developer of this garden, Edward Gillett, has made a hobby of bringing the wildings into the dooryard, and teaching them to make themselves at home there. The result is highly gratifying, for not only do a large number of these plants lend themselves to decorative and ornamental effects, but, quite apart from this, there is an inherent interest in the indigenous flora that gives even a very modest plant precedence in the affections of many of us over the most gorgeous visitants from far-off lands.

Now that Mr. Gillett has shown the way, there will be many an amateur who will not be satisfied unless a considerable corner of his garden is given over to wild azaleas and laurel and hepaticas and lady-slippers and trilliums and sundry other modest but winsome native flowers.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Kongo Airplane Service.

It is reported that the directors of the Forminiere Diamond Mines company have suggested the inauguration of an air service by seaplane, which would operate between the mines at Tshikapa Panda, on the Kasai (a tributary of the Congo) and Kinchassa, on the Congo—from which latter point the railroad runs to Matadinchi, a former port on the lower Congo. The directors offer to defray the greater part of the initial cost of the scheme. In the meantime a survey of the route is being undertaken. The distance from Kinchassa to the mines is approximately 500 miles, which could be covered in two days, as contrasted with over a month by the existing river transport.—Scientific American.

Motion Pictures to Save Birds.

There are now 120,000 enthusiastic Australian members of the Gould League of Bird Lovers, which has branches throughout the commonwealth. One way of educating young Australians to care for the native birds is by the use of special motion pictures and by united gatherings of the Wild Life Preservation society of Australia and the Children's New South Wales Gould league. The purpose of the society and the league is to obtain uniform laws for the protection of animals and birds, and to cultivate sound public opinion which is more effective than any law.

[illegible]

Chemise Dress of Cretonne Having a French Blue Background With a Large Pattern in Red, Green and Black and Bound at the Neck and Sleeves With Red Linen; and a Model of Green Cotton Crepe Trimmed With Bands of Cretonne—Green With a Bold Pattern in Black.

GAY COLORS IN NEW CRETONNES

French Shops Show Dresses, Hats, Smocks, Gilets and Bags of This Fabric.

USED FOR KIDDIES' CLOTHES

Material Affords Winsome Garments for the Youngsters — Chintz Frocks of Soft Mauve and Gray Tones.

The clever French designers, whose study of the psychology of dress has played so large a part in making them the fashion dictators of the world, have realized that this is the crucial time at which to launch some apparel of brilliant hues, writes a fashion correspondent.

The love of color cannot be suppressed. It is inherent in every human being. A young child instinctively reaches for bright colored objects. We all feel the cheer of color. Unconsciously we are exhilarated by a beautiful painting done in broad sweeps of color or by gay flowers of brilliant hue.

There cannot fail to be a reaction from black. After the simple black dress which has been and still is so fashionable, women may not care for a violent change to bright colored street things, but they fit easily into the scheme of country clothes.

The pendulum of fashion usually swings far in one direction or the other. Those who give it impetus have decided that if we are to have color we must have plenty of it. And where could it be obtained in greater variety than in cretonnes? So for midsummer we have cretonne dresses, hats, smocks, gilets and bags.

A great many children's clothes have been made of this cotton material, even to caps for babies. The latter are distinctly in the novelty class, but they are to be found in many of the French shops, and, although we may not advocate them, they must be reported as an item of news.

No Frills or Furbelows.

A well-known Paris specialty shop makes a lavish display of cretonne clothes. The dresses all follow simple designs, for a material embodying so much in the way of color and design itself must necessarily be made with little or nothing in the way of frills or furbelows.

This material, which has been more closely associated with house decoration than anything else, has a great deal in the way of art to rely upon. All the richness of design and the beauty of color seen in it did not just happen. It is an outcome of modern talent coupled with ancient arts.

It has meant the study of the art of Oriental countries and a reproduction of their best, although the fabric carrying it is one of the comparatively inexpensive ones. As far as art is concerned, it has much more to recommend it than its more expensive rival, the plain piece of dull black silk.

Of course, nobody is advocating that all the world shall be dressed in cretonnes and chintzes, but they are destined to play their part, and it will certainly be desirable if variety in dress had more advocates. Whether or not women are afraid of looking unlike other women, the fact remains that each woman seems to look exactly like every other one.

From Distant Lands.

This is the great criticism of the dress of the American woman. The head of one of the largest and most successful dressmaking houses in America recently said: "I have been making clothes for American women for 25 years, but after a walk on one of America's most fashionable thoroughfares one recent Sunday morning I could not tell you what any of the many women promenading there were. If I were divorced from one and married to another," he said, "I am sure I could not tell which was which—they were dressed so much alike."

Cretonnes and chintzes appeal more to the imagination than probably any other materials. The foliage that grows along the banks of the Nile has been resorted to, for we see any number of large motifs designed from such models.

There are rich Chinese motifs. The plumage of tropical birds has played its part in inspiring color. And interspersed with these are lovely floral patterns printed on clear backgrounds. So one may safely say that there is no other one fabric catering to so many tastes and offering such a vast variety.

A chemise dress of cretonne has a large pattern in red, green and black on a French blue background. The bottoms of the sleeves and the neck are bound with red linen and the frock is drawn in at the waistline with a string belt of red linen.

On a model of cotton crepe, in a cool shade of green, the skirt has apron panels and the dress is trimmed with bands of a cretonne which has a background exactly matching the crepe in color and a bold pattern in black.

The very young people, like their mothers, are dressed in cretonne. Children are extremely fond of amusing clothes to dress up in. They do not look upon clothes of this sort as real clothes, but as something to wear when playing games.

Not a new idea, you may say, for garden aprons for children have been shown in the shops for some time, and dresses of this material for grown-ups made their appearance at Palm Beach last winter, but the idea of making a vast showing of cretonne clothes and devoting a whole department to them, as this French specialty shop has done, is a new one, and has attracted a great deal of attention to this fabric for midsummer country clothes.

Effects in Mauve and Gray.

If you are not one of those athirst for color, you may find great pleasure and satisfaction in the chintz frocks of soft mauve and gray tones. They have little puff sleeves of white organdie that may be little more than caps that extend to the elbow. Often these sheer white sleeves are finished with a band of old-fashioned embroidery or they may be gathered into just a plain band of the organdie ornamented with a running stitch of worsted that blends in color with the background of the chintz.

Cretonne hats, although not new, are excellent for country wear at this season of the year. There is not a great deal from which to choose in inexpensive straw hats for this purpose, but if we resort to cretonne we may have an almost limitless variety for very little expenditure, especially so if one is at all adept in trimming a hat one's self.

Testing the Hairdresser's Touch.

In Berlin there is a "school" where it is the aim not merely to teach the students what to do, but to instruct them thoroughly in the best way to do it, and there is a test which they all have to meet before they are judged to be competent hairdressers. This machine is specially designed to test the user's ability to comb hair without pulling or jerking or breaking it. By recording the tension at all times during the combing, it gives a complete indication of the manner in which the wielding of the comb progressed.

PIRATES AGAIN SWEEPING SEAS

Theory Put Forward as Explanation of Disappearance of American Vessels.

PIRACY FOLLOWS GREAT WARS

Island-Dotted Areas of the Oceans Offer Lurking Places for Sea Rovers—Piracy Has Flourished Since Early Days of History.

Washington, D. C.—The theory that pirates are again infesting Atlantic waters has been put forward in connection with the grounding of the Carroll Deering and the mysterious disappearance of three other American steamships.

"An epidemic of piracy has followed in the wake of nearly all of the great wars. Even as recently as 1815 restless souls who had smelled the blood of battle and felt the intoxication of danger became loath to settle down into the peaceful ways of men and commerce, and chose the wide seas as an asylum because they refused to live under the law," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society from its Washington, D. C., headquarters.

Some Famous Pirate Bases.

"Beside the broad oceans which offered infinite chance for escape there have always been the island-dotted areas which furnish excellent lurking places from which these exponents of absolute freedom might take their quarry for examination and long division among them. The Greek Archipelago, the Barbary coast, the East Indies, the China shores and the Spanish Main, within the shadow of our own doors, have been pirate bases for centuries and given to the world a wealth of stories of breathless interest.

"In ancient times these sea robbers off the coast of Greece, Italy, and Asia Minor with their thousands of light, swift vessels, or 'sea mice' as they were called, 'taxed' merchant shipping so heavily that they lightly and rightly termed their base of operations the 'Golden Gulf.' They flaunted their black flag in the face of mighty Rome, which remained impotent against them until Pompey with almost unlimited resources at his command curbed their operations.

Pandora's Box of Piracy.

"Ferdinand and Isabella unwittingly, in their decision to drive the Moors from Spanish soil, let loose upon the world and particularly upon Spanish shipping, then at the height of its pride, a fearful horde of daring and unscrupulous avengers.

"In the early days of Moslem power one of the caliphs wrote to his general and asked him what the sea was like. The general answered, 'The sea is a huge beast which silly folk ride like worms on logs.' Consequently the caliph gave orders that no Moslem should voyage upon it, but they soon learned that they must conquer it if they were to hold their own among other peoples, and they subsequently furnished some of the most audacious and picturesque of the pirate figures.

The James Brothers of the Seas.

"Two of the most daring and ingenious of these were the Barbarossa brothers. 'Red Beard' terrorized the Mediterranean world from Constantinople to the Pillars of Hercules. The excellent harbors and the island hiding places made it possible for him to defy the fleets of England, Italy, Spain and Holland, to levy tribute on all the vessels that passed over the highway, to capture the richly laden Papal galleys bound for Rome in Moslem defiance of Christendom and chain the Christians to their oars. In 1510, at that time notorious and immensely wealthy, he changed the base of his operations to the island of Jerba, off the coast of Tunis, where the Fates ceased to smile so kindly upon him. After many hard-fought battles and vicissitudes of fortune he fell before the forces of Charles V of Spain near Tremizan on African soil. He had actually escaped, but upon learning that his faithful followers were close pressed he returned to die with them. The career of his brother Kheyr-ed-din is scarcely less romantic.

"Piracy on the American coast among the French and Spanish navigators began before the days of the English colonists. Queen Elizabeth is said to have covertly countenanced as well as helped expeditions by buccaneers, and in the West Indies the trade restrictions placed by the various mother countries led to acceptance by many island governors of wares brought by navigators whom they knew to be free-booters and whose methods they could not afford to question.

Piracy Road to High Office.

"Perhaps the most unscrupulous and wily of the perverted sea kings was Henry Morgan of the Caribbees. He was a magnate, an indomitable ruler, a crafty strategist, and a commander of genius as well as a pirate par excellence. In fact he flirted with one danger after the other always to come out on top. He marched into Puerto Principe in the heart of Cuba and took it despite every resistance. He outwitted with uncanny cunning the officers at Porto Bello in Panama, one of the strongest cities near the Caribbean shores and the storehouse for the riches which had been brought by Spanish galleons and mule packs from the interior. He escaped with an inestimable amount of gold and jewels, ingeniously employing a fire-ship against the Spanish to accomplish his escape when he was bottled up in Maracaibo lake. Finally he took and sacked the city of Panama. Then leaving his companions in the lurch, he slipped away at night with all the booty to Jamaica, ingratiated himself with the governor, and was clever enough to get himself into the graces of the English king who knighted him and made him lieutenant governor of Jamaica for his 'long experience of that colony.'

"In our boyhood, stories of Captain Kid were frequent. The subject of the narratives was really a respectable sailor in the merchant service with a wife and family in New York when he was commissioned by the English king in 1690 with power to seize and destroy off the American coast all pirate ships. Having been given ships and crews to accomplish the purpose, he gayly set sail across the Atlantic, around the Cape of Good Hope to Madagascar and the Red sea to ravage East India waters and convert to his own uses his captures. Then he hied himself, so the story goes, to West Indian waters and buried his superfluous treasures before he finally went to Boston where he was captured, sent to England for trial, was executed and his body left to dangle in the wind for years as a warning to sailors."

COCKATOO KILLS BIG ROOSTER

Bird, at Outs With Barnyard Fowl, Wins Battle at Martinez, Cal.

Martinez, Cal.—A bitter battle was fought at the home of B. F. Rhine, local merchant, by a two-pound cockatoo and an eight-pound rooster.

The diminutive cockatoo proved that weight does not always prevail, for after taking a severe grueling for almost five minutes he grabbed the rooster in the windpipe with his sharp beak, administering the death blow.

According to Rhine, the pair had been at outs for several weeks. One morning the cockatoo was perched on a bush in the back yard when the rooster spied him. The heavyweight barnyard champion made a rush at his smaller enemy, spurs and beak.

The cockatoo, however, dug his claws into the rooster's breast, and pulling himself upright administered the death blow.

TRAPS SHREWDEST CRIMINALS

William Moulton Marston, a Boston lawyer and scientist, is shown here with his "lie detector." Three complicated pieces of machinery are used to detect deception in a witness or other subject.

First, the chronoscope. It measures in twelve hundreths of a second, the time the witness takes to answer questions. "Innocent" questions and questions connected with the case under consideration are verbally "shot" at him. He can't lie without hesitating a fraction of a second—and the chronoscope measures and records the delay.

Second—The kipeograph. This measures the respiration of the suspect as he answers questions and records it in traced "graphs" on a smoked cylinder. And a man breathes differently when lying (does a woman?)

Third — The spygmomanometer. This charts the blood pressure during the questioning. When a man is lying his systolic blood pressure rises rapidly in a "flying curve."

Scientists say that if a subject reacts "guilty" to all three tests his deception, or attempts at deception, is practically proved in the full scientific meaning of the word proof.

Wild Bears Endanger Lives of Tacoma Children

Tacoma.—While Tacoma is a city of 100,000 persons and old hunters say that it has been twenty years since a bear has been killed within the city limits, a meeting of the mothers and fathers held recently at Cedar Heights, a mile and a half from the heart of the city, revealed the fact that bears and other wild animals are lurking in the woods, and they have petitioned for the erection of a school nearer their homes, so that the children will not have to pass through the woods every day.

Candles on Birthday Cakes.

The custom of placing candles on a birthday cake—one for each year—comes from Germany. The Germans placed a thick one in the center, called Lebenslicht, the light of life. Only he or she who declares his or her birthday may put out the light of life; it is unlucky if done by any other member of the family. The lights are symbols of life and its portions the years. For persons advanced in years one candle must do duty, as otherwise too many would be required.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

NAMES OF TOWNS

Mr. Sleepy Learns Some Geographical Nomenclature.

Finds That Many Places in the United States Have Borrowed Well-Known Cognomens.

There are a great many people who are only familiar with the names of towns and cities that are around them or that are continually in the papers. Mr. Sleepy found out this one evening, the New York Sun states.

Ma looked over her magazine and saw that pa was just emerging from his after-dinner forty winks. He coughed and sputtered and then sat up very straight and held his paper on high. "He was looking at some foreign news and by violent kicks and jerks his wife knew something was annoying him.

"I wonder where they ever got all those darn new-fangled names from for their towns in Europe, anyway, ma?" he finally stuttered.

"Same place that we got ours from, I guess," she replied, as she gave him a second glance over the magazine.

"Now you don't need to tell me that we have got any such unpronounceable names for our towns, ma."

"Don't be too sure about that."

"What do you know about it?"

"Well, I have just written a paper on the subject for our club. I have it right here in my drawer. Let me give you a little information on the subject. Some of our towns must have been named from foreign ones. There is a Carthage in Illinois and one in Missouri. They do not date back to ancient Carthage, but I understand that they are just as progressive as she was. Then we have a Rome in Georgia and another in Ohio. There is a Crete in Nebraska and an Athens in Georgia and in Ohio. Nebraska claims a Bethany and Michigan an Olivet."

"Can we get any younger?" inquired pa.

"There is a Waterloo in Iowa and a St. Helena in California."

"Some explorer must have met his Waterloo in Iowa and moved on to California," suggested pa.

"We have St. Petersburg in Florida, Moscow in Georgia and Notre Dame in Indiana. Michigan gives us a Holland and Pennsylvania an Edinborough. Nebraska contains a York and Durham is represented in North Carolina."

"Why, I never knew we borrowed all those towns," exclaimed pa.

"We are not as patriotic as we might be," continued ma. Only four Presidents are represented as towns—Washington, Indiana; Madison, Wisconsin, Indiana and New Jersey; Hayes, Kansas, and Lincoln, Nebraska. Of course, my searching has been done very hurriedly, and I probably missed some," explained ma.

"A few family names are used, as Ada, Ohio, and Alma, Michigan, and their brother Hiram, Ohio, with Aunt Salina, Kansas."

"Well, I never," exclaimed pa. "To think that we have a town named after Aunt Salina."

"I wonder if you ever heard of these towns? Alaga, Opelika, Coatopa, Coccolocco, Nanafalia, Kymulga, Ala.; Poth, Salmeno, Zybach, Fodice, Mounster, Castroville, Tenn.; Zafra, Tupelo, Scipre, Loreno, Okla.; Pushmatalia, Yazoo, Tie Plant, Miss.; Aquebogue, Stella Niagara, Chazy, Hoosick, Blauvelt, Canajoharie, N. Y.; Ary, Belljellico, Cerulvo, Lizzilane, Wysox, Ky.; Aukum, Gualala, Zilzah, Col.; Boho, Youno, Hazelrigg, Comminskey, Hymera, Ind.; Askew, Bonami, Zwolle, Gheens, La.; Niantic, Sublette, Pecatonica, Oblong, Xenia, Ill."

"Well, I declare," exclaimed pa as he resumed his paper.

Walkers in Fire.

Walking barefoot on burning embers is a religious ceremony still performed in certain parts of the world. Lieut. Col. St. Johnston found it in the Pacific, and describes it in a recent book on the islanders. The Lancet (London) in reviewing this book cites the words of Virgil in the Eleventh Book of the Aeneid, who gives an account of a fire-walking ceremony held at Soracte in honor of Apollo:

"Highest of gods, Apollo, guardian of holy Soracte, thou whose chief worshipers we are, thou for whom the pile of burning pine wood is fed, while we upborne by faith press our footsteps in the glowing embers."

Pliny says that the power to walk through the blazing wood embers was confined to one family, the Hirpi, and Servius, the commentator, quotes Varro as saying that they rubbed their feet with a drug. So we find an identical ceremony in primitive Italy and in Polynesia.

Electrification of Sweden's Railways.

The Riksgransen railway lies wholly within the polar circle, thus necessitating special appliances to contend with the snow. Except for the stations the railway is single line throughout, of standard gauge, with a maximum grade of 1 to 100, and sharpest curve of 500 meters radius. The whole line is being electrified, according to the Technical Review, the power being supplied by water. On the electrified line trains of 40 mineral-carrying cars and brake van are hauled by two locomotives, which is an increase of 40 per cent, with a speed increase of 50 per cent over the original steam traction. Power is generated as single phase current at 80,000 volts, and stepped down in four substations to 16,000 volts on the overhead conductors.—Scientific American.

Children's Telephone.

If your children bother the telephone, try buying them a small imitation and attaching it within their reach to a piece of furniture, giving them also a book they can use as a "phone book."

PORTSMOUTH.

(From our regular correspondent)

Monthly Meeting of Town Council

The regular monthly meeting of the town council and probate court was held on Monday afternoon.

The petition of Jacob Morganstein for a peddler's license was laid on the table.

It was voted to pay to the order of George R. Hicks, treasurer, one-half of the town's appropriation for support of the Public Library, $125.

It was voted to meet Thursday, September 6, at 2 o'clock, to canvass the voting list according to law.

The Newport County Electric Company was directed to fill in between its tracks at the Sandy Point avenue and Glen Street crossings.

The petition of George E. Thayer for license to place a gasoline tank on the highway in front of the premises of Frank R. Tallman was granted, provided he assumes all responsibility for any damage resulting therefrom.

Statements of damage done by dogs to hens belonging to Bradford Norman, amounting to $209.90; to hens belonging to David Brown of Middletown, amounting to $31.60; and to hens and ducks belonging to Russell M. Peckham of Middletown, amounting to $29.20, were ordered paid according to law.

The town treasurer was authorized to issue the towns note in the sum of $2000.

The towns appropriation of $161 for the Newport County Farm Bureau was ordered paid.

In the probate court, the first account of Herbert E. Chase, conservator of the estate of Charlotte A. Sisson, was allowed and ordered recorded.

The petitions of Munroe H. Radowsky and Pearl F. Radowsky that Joseph L. Radowsky be appointed guardian of their persons and estates, was laid on the table.

The will of Mary E. Albro was presented for probate, with the petition of George H. Albro, the executor named therein, for letters testamentary thereon, and was referred to September 12.

The will of Anna H. Carter was presented for probate, with the petition of George A. Carter, the executor therein named, asking for letters testamentary thereon. It was referred to September 12.

The petition of Martha Harris to be appointed administrator of the estate in Rhode Island of Sarah Ann Whitehead, was referred to September 12.

Mrs. Maude Butts of East Barrington is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. George Elliott.

Miss Violetta Yeaw of Providence is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Bertha Yeaw.

Miss Eunice Chappelle, little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Chappelle, met with a painful accident recently. She stepped on a piece of broken glass and cut her foot so badly that a doctor was obliged to take three stitches.

Mrs. Eliza Eager of Providence has been guest of Mr. and Mrs. Perry G. Randall.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. P. Macomber and their son William, and Mr. and Mrs. Howard A. Clarke and daughter Muriel, have gone on a camping trip to Maine.

The G. T. Club of St. Mary's parish held its regular meeting on Monday night with its president, Mrs. Karl Anthony. It was voted to have a fancy work table at the Newport County Fair this year.

Mr. and Mr. George S. Wyatt have had as guests their nephew, Mr. Chester A. Sherman, and Mrs. Sherman and family of Hope Valley.

Miss Alice Brayton has had as guest Miss Elizabeth Rose of New London.

Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Peckham, who have been caring for the estate of Mr. Peckham's uncle, Mr. John T. Gardner, have moved to their own home, given them by Mr. Gardner, on Quaker Hill. The residence they have just vacated has been bought by a Fall River party.

Mrs. Eunice Greene, who has been ill for some time, was tapped again on Tuesday and a large quantity of fluid was taken away. Mrs. Greene seems to be very uncomfortable and in a semi-conscious condition. She is being cared for by Mrs. Annie H. Carter.

The Methodist Episcopal Church held their annual garden party at the church lawn on Tuesday afternoon and evening with a good attendance. Mrs. Robert Chappelle was in charge of the affair. A little sketch entitled "Tom Thumb's Wedding," was given at 4.30 and 7.45 p. m. and another entitled "Finding the May Flowers," followed. These sketches were given by small children and were very well attended. General Pershing, President and Mrs. Harding, Senator Sherman of Portsmouth and Tom Thumb's grandmother were present at the wedding when Tom Thumb took "this modern woman in the iron bonds of padlock." The little boy ushers and the groom and best man were all dressed in cutaway coats. Music was furnished by the Portsmouth and Middletown orchestra. The lawn looked very pretty with the booths decorated with bunting, crepe paper and vines. A chicken salad supper was served. At the close of the evening an auction was held with Mr. Robert Chappelle as auctioneer.

The Portsmouth Camp meeting closed with the Sunday evening service after a ten days session.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred J. Mott have had as guest their son, Mr. Stanley Mott, and Mrs. Mott.

The marriage of Miss Etta Marden Sherman, daughter of Mr. Gardner T. Sherman, to Rev. Donald Paul Hurlburt of Bangor Maine, took place at the Christian Church on Tuesday afternoon. The ceremony was performed by Rev. P. S. Sailer of Westerly, assisted by Rev. Ernest Gilbert of the Franklin Street Christian Church of Fall River, who is conducting the services here on Sundays, following those at his own church.

The bride and groom were unattended. Mrs. Helen Sisson Luther of Washington presided at the organ.

The bridal gown was of grey embroidered crepe de chine, with a crepe and satin embroidered hat. The church was prettily decorated with fern, hydrangeas, Canterbury bells, and dahlias.

An informal reception was held at the home of the bride's father on East Main Road. Cake, ice cream and fruit punch were served.

The bride's going away gown was of Oxford grey with a taupe hat. The happy couple left on a three weeks' honeymoon, after which they will reside in Bangor.

The bride received many beautiful and useful gifts.

Mrs. Hurlburt was a member of the Oliphant Club, an active worker in the Women's Christian Temperance Union and many other organizations. She is also a graduate of Dr. Moody's Seminary of Northfield.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our regular correspondent)

Annual Lawn Party

The annual lawn party and sale of Berkeley Memorial Parish was given by St. Columba's Guild at their parish house on Wednesday afternoon and evening. It was an ideal day and the affair was well patronized. A supper was served at 6 o'clock, consisting of lobster salad, potato salad, cold ham, rolls, cake, and coffee.

Fancy articles, aprons, flowers, vegetables, cake, candy, ice cream, antique glass and china, articles for babies and small children, and children's gowns were on sale on the lawn as well as a grab booth which was well patronized by the children.

Much credit is due the members of the Guild who made the affair the success it was. Miss Alice Brownell of Sachuest Lodge is the president of the guild and Mrs. Howard R. Peckham is the vice president.

The Aquidneck Grange orchestra furnished music for dancing from 9 to 11 o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Nathan Smith have had as guests Mrs. Charles T. Lewis and infant son of Toledo, Ohio, and Mrs. May Moyse of Worcester, Mass.

Mr. Herbert Chase and Mr. Warren Hamilton have been guests of Mr. Chase's son, Mr. Frank Chase, and Mrs. Chase.

Miss Margaret Blache of Inglewood, N. J. has been guest of Miss Clara Chase.

The Berkeley Dramatic Club held its regular monthly business meeting with the president, Mr. James Harold Goddard in charge. The affair was held in the Berkeley parish house. Arrangements are being made for a play to be given soon, after which Miss Florence Barker and Miss Dorothy C. Peckham had charge of a surprise shower which was given Miss Elizabeth Goddard, whose marriage to Mr. Lawrence Peckham is to take place this month. Many pretty and useful gifts were given, after which fruit punch and fancy crackers were served and dancing was enjoyed until a late hour.

While walking on the car track in front of Mr. Philip Caswell's, one Portuguese man was killed and one was severely wounded by an Army Cadillac, containing two Army officers. Mr. Joe Perry, who was employed as a farm hand by Mr. Henry L. Chase, was killed and Mr. Antonio Goulart was taken to the Newport Hospital.

The men's community smoker was held on Tuesday evening at the Holy Cross Guild House. The entertainment was in charge of Messrs. Philip Wilbur, John Peterson and Robert Chase. The evening was spent with cards, Mr. James R. Chase, 2nd, winning first prize and Mr. George Brawley the consolation.

The Sunday Schools of St. Mary's and Holy Cross Churches held their annual picnic on the rectory lawn at St. Mary's on Thursday. Games were played and refreshments were served.

Mr. and Mrs. Sanford W. Hollis, who have been visiting their son, Sumner D. Hollis, and Mrs. Hollis, at Sunnyfields Farm, have returned to their home in South Weymouth, Mass.

The funeral of Dr. Walter Lincoln Chase, who died suddenly at his home in New Bedford, was held at the Methodist Episcopal Church on Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock. Dr. Chase was the son of Mr. Alfred W. and the late L. Louise Chase, of Newport, and was born in this town fifty-two years ago. He had been practicing medicine in New Bedford for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Smith have as guest Miss Elizabeth Dunham of Providence.

The regular business and social meeting of Aquidneck Grange was held in town hall on Thursday evening instead of a picnic, as had been planned. The date and place for the picnic was discussed.

Mrs. George Chase has been spending a week with friends in Woburn, Mass.

Miss Elizabeth Simmons has as guest her cousin, Miss Ada Foster of Stamford, Conn.

The five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph De Terra was killed in Tiverton on the State road just north of Manchester's switch. The machine was driven by a young woman who had been teaching school in that town. Mrs. De Terra was formerly Miss Theresa Hayes of Portsmouth and Mr. De Terra is the son of Mr. Joseph De Terra of Mitchell's Lane. They formerly resided on Mitchell's Lane, but moved to Tiverton about two years ago.

Mr. John Peabody, who recently submitted to an operation at the Newport Hospital, is resting as comfortably as could be expected. Mrs. Peabody is staying with her cousin, Miss Esther Peckham, of Newport, to be near Mr. Peabody.

Mrs. John Dring has as guests at the Surrey homestead on Green End Avenue, Misses Dorothy and Marjorie Smith of New York, but formerly of Newport.

Mrs. Arthur Davis and daughter Dorothy are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John H. Peckham.

According to Conspicuousness.

Jud Tunkins says that if conspicuousness were a sign of merit the man who plays the bass viol would invariably be the best musician in the orchestra.

Vanishing Languages.

Nowhere in America has there been such a diversity of Indian languages as in California. But these languages are now rapidly disappearing. Several of them are known only by five or six, and others only by twenty or thirty living persons, and hardly a year passes without some dialect, or even language, ceasing to exist through the death of the last individual able to speak it. Efforts are being made to record all these languages for the sake of the light they throw on the ancient history of the Pacific coast.—Washington Star.

Chinook Language.

The Chinook language is a jargon of Indian, French, English and other words, named after the Chinook Indians of the Columbia river in the state of Washington and in British Columbia. It was once much used by traders and Indians in that region, but is now nearly abandoned. Gill's "Dictionary of Chinook Jargon" was published in Portland, Ore., in 1891, and Hons' "Chinook Texts" in the Smithsonian report of the bureau of ethnology at Washington in 1894.

Gold Conceit o' Himself.

Mother was telling her caller how she had sent one of her six-year-old boy's bright remarks to a newspaper and received a dollar for it, when the little fellow entered the room. Overhearing her, he said: "Mother, if you'll just listen to all I say and send it to the paper you'll make enough to support the whole family." — Boston Transcript.

Only Difficulty He Found.

Her chief object was to make a fool of the latest fashionable philosopher. "Tell me," she cooed, "don't you find it a little difficult sometimes to write all those hard things about women?" The philosopher regarded her with impartial eyes. "There is a certain difficulty, madam," he replied; "but it is purely one of selection."

Showers of Toads and Fish.

It is on record that toads and small fish have fallen from the clouds. Such occurences have been explained by the supposition that the objects were taken up in violent whirlwinds and, perhaps, transported a considerable distance before they were dropped to the earth.

The Dark Ages.

The Dark ages is the term applied to that portion of the Middle ages which reached from the decline of classical learning to the renaissance. It embraces the period from the Fifth to the Fifteenth, or more narrowly, from the Fifth to the Eleventh century.

Salt and Gasoline.

Gasoline used in combination with salt is a good dry cleaner; salt absorbs the oiliness of the gasoline, as well as cutting into the badly soiled places. Dip the cloth first in the gasoline and then take up a little salt before rubbing garments.

Peach Stones Good Fuel.

Peach stones, it has been discovered in California, burn as well as coal, and give out more heat in proportion to weight. The stones taken out of the fruit that is canned or dried are collected and sold for this purpose.

The Betrayer.

One of the first helpful tricks a young baby learns is to set up an outcry just when a peddler is ringing the doorbell and you're keeping quiet to make him think there's nobody at home.—Kansas City Star.

Happens That Way Sometimes.

The man who sat on his woodpile and told a funny story, expecting the wood to split," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "evidently did not strike a responsive cord."—Yonkers Statesman.

The Meaning of It.

Professor (pondering)—Now what was it that this knot in my handkerchief was to remind me of? Ah, yes! It was today that I was to jump into lake and end it all.—Houston Post.

A Great Artist.

Sir Henry Layard had a short way with omniscient youths, who gushed over Cimabue, Giotto, Daniele da Volterra. "Do you seriously think," he would ask with his rasping drawl, "that any of them can compare with Mortadella da Bologna?" Some would fall into the trap and discourse on the chiaroscuro of that great artist; others, more honest, would invite scorn by confessing ignorance of his work. It was only when they reached home that they discovered that "mortadella" was a sausage.—Living Age.

Keepers of Libraries.

Those who read many books are like the eaters of hashish. They live in a dream. The subtle poison that penetrates their brain renders them insensible to the real world and makes them the prey of terrible or delightful phantoms. Books are the opium of the Occident. They devour us. A day is coming on which we shall all be keepers of libraries, and that will be the end.—Anatole France.

Cotton-Plant Pest.

The moth known as Alabama argillacea, a serious pest of the cotton plant, is one of the most prolific of insects. In the Gulf states it produces at least seven generations annually, and at the end of the fourth generation the progeny of one moth, if they all survived, would amount to over 300,000,000,000 individuals. — Science Service.

House of the Blue Door.

The painting of doors and window frames deserves study. A low-roofed house painted gray with blue-green roof, has doors and windows of the same blue-green tone. In its setting of emerald lawn with shrubs of darker green and gravel walk bordered with delphinium of deepest blue the picture presented is vastly pleasing.

Miniature Writing.

Marcel Mauvais sent to La Nature (Paris) an ordinary postcard on which he had written 23,154 words, with a total of 125,000 letters. It is legible even to the naked eye. The average book has about 300 words to the page, so this postcard represents about seventy-seven pages.

Juvenile Humor.

The poem under analysis was Tennyson's "The Brook" and the pupils were asked to write a sentence containing the words "coot" and "hern." One small pupil turned in this one: "A little girl I know had an awful coot doll, but it wasn't hern."

Must Have Sympathy.

It is hard to believe that anything is worth while, unless there is some eye to kindle in common with our own, some brief word uttered now and then to imply that what is infinitely precious alike to another mind.—George Eliot.

Easy to Discover.

"What is space?" asks a headline in a daily paper. If the writer would only take the trouble to sit between two stout women in a crowded street car he would perhaps stop asking such silly questions.—London Punch.

You'll Be Sorry.

"Some o' these days," says a Georgia philosopher, "you'll see things so clearly that you'll wish you were back where you're located now, and you won't have a return ticket."—Atlanta Constitution.

Op and Im.

Importunity may be Op's twin brother, as an exchange remarks, but the two have not the same characteristics. Op never hangs around insisting the way Im does.—Boston Transcript.

What of Your Occupation?

Every occupation lifts itself with the enlarging life of her who practices it. The occupation that will not do that no one really has a right to occupy herself about.—Phillips Brooks.

Variation in Icebergs.

Icebergs in the Arctic regions are neither so large nor so numerous as those seen in the Antarctic seas, but they are usually loftier and more beautiful, with spires and domes.

Not in Real Life.

Jud Tunkins says you can't expect a regular sleuth to stay awake all night following clues the same as a man does when he is reading a detective story.

Hint for Typists.

Putting your note book on first one side and then the other side of the desk as you write will equalize the strain on your eyes.

Sounds Rather Inhospitable.

Woman Writer—When there is unexpected company I just fall back on the old-fashioned whip of grandmother's day.

No Shock Absorber.

Many a man gets a pretty bad fall from being thrown on his own resources.—Cartoons Magazine.

More Than Ever Then.

Beware of the man who knows it all, especially if it happens to be yourself.—Boston Transcript.

The Missouri Philosopher.

An optimist can always see the bright side of the other fellow's misfortune.—Jameson Gem.

Probate Court of the City of Newport,
August 5th, 1921.

Estate of Daniel Hurley

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Daniel Hurley, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-ninth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-13 Clerk.

Probate Court of the City of Newport,
August 5th, 1921.

Estate of Ellen S. Osborne

AN INSTRUMENT in writing purporting to be the last will and testament of Ellen S. Osborne, late of said Newport, deceased, is presented for probate, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-ninth day of August, instant, at ten o'clock a. m. at the Probate Court Room in said Newport, for consideration; and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
8-13 Clerk.

Sheriff's Sale

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Newport, Sc. Sheriff's Office
Newport, R. I.,
May 12th, A.D. 1921.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution Number 286 issued out of the Superior Court of Rhode Island within and for the County of Newport, on the fourth day of May A. D. 1921 and returnable to the said Court November 4th, A. D. 1921, upon a judgment rendered by said Court on the 21st day of January A.D. 1921, in favor of Charles W. Stewart plaintiff, and against Robert Rohange alias of the Town of Portsmouth defendant, I have this day at 30 minutes past 11 o'clock a. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendant, Robert Rohange alias, had on the 3rd day of December, A. D. 1919, at 30 minutes past 2 o'clock p. m., (the time of the attachment on the original writ), in and to a certain lot or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereupon, situated in said Town of Portsmouth, in said County of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations and bounded and described as follows:—Northerly by land formerly of John Manchester and; Easterly by Middle Road; Southerly by land formerly of William Manchester and Westerly by land formerly of the heirs of Joseph Watson now the Estate of Stephen Watson, be all of the said measurements more or less or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described.

AND

Notice is hereby given that I will sell the said attached and levied on real estate at a Public Auction to be held in the Sheriff's Office in said City of Newport in said County of Newport on the 20th day of August A. D. 1921, at 12 o'clock M. for the satisfaction of said execution, debt, interest on the same, costs of suit, my own fees and all contingent expenses, if sufficient.

FRANK P. KING,
Deputy Sheriff.

8-13-2t

To NEW YORK

via Fall River Line

Steamers leave Long Wharf daily at 9:45 P. M. (Daylight Saving Time) Due New York 7 A. M.

POPULAR ONE-DAY EXCURSIONS

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AT PRESENT

No. 1492
Reserve District No. 1
REPORT

OF the condition of the NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business April 25, 1921.

RESOURCES		DOLLARS
Loans and discounts including red scounts	301,019 10	301,099 10
Overdrafts unsecured		145 11
U. S. Government securities owned:		
Deposited to secure circulation, (U.S. bonds par value	110,000 00	
All other U. S. Government securities,	97,588 74	
Total U. S. government securities		207,588 74
Other bonds, stocks, securities,		110,355 23
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		20,700 00
Cash in vault,		15,202 06
Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank		33,251 17
Net amount due from National banks,		30,038 02
Exchanges for clearing house		3,002 01
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer		5,500 00
Total		$741,656 50

Liabilities		Dollars
Capital stock paid in		$150,000 00
Surplus fund		50,000 00
Undivided profits	28,848 27	
Less current expenses interest and taxes paid	6,481 40	12,366 87
Circulating notes outstanding		105,600 00
Certified checks outstanding		2,117 31
Cashier's checks on own bank outstanding		621 42
Individual deposits subject to check		412,708 30
Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)		21,187 38
Dividends unpaid		55 20
Bills payable other than with Federal Reserve Bank including all obligations representing money borrowed other than rediscounts,		10,000 00
Total		$741,656 50

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss

I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of May, 1921.

PACKER BRAMAN,
Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
WILLIAM STEVENS,
WILLIAM W. COVELL,
BRADFORD NORMAN
Directors.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS

Probate Court of the City of Newport

At a session of said Court holden at Newport, in and for said City of Newport, on the twenty-fifth day of July in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and twenty-one at 10 o'clock in the forenoon.

ON THE PETITION OF ALBERT CHARLES ANDERSON, of said Newport, in said State, praying that his name may be changed to that of ALBERT CHARLES CHESLEDON, it appearing that the reasons given therefor are sufficient, and consistent with the public interest, and being satisfactory to the Court, and no objection being made

It is decreed that his name be changed, as prayed for, to that of ALBERT CHARLES CHESLEDON, which name he shall hereafter bear, and which shall be his legal name, and that by such name he shall be entitled to all the rights and privileges and be subject to all the duties and liabilities he would have been subject to had his name not been changed, and that he give public notice of said change by publishing this decree once in each week, for three successive weeks, in the Newport Mercury, a newspaper published in said Newport, and make return to this Court under oath that such notice has been given.

Entered as decree by order of the Court.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD, Clerk.

A true copy attest:

DUNCAN A. HAZARD,
Clerk.

Newport, July 30th, 1921.
8-6-3w

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, August 6th, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED, Executor of the last will and testament of CATHERINE SHANTLER, late of the City of Newport, deceased, which will has been admitted to probate by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, hereby gives notice that she has accepted said trust and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

MARY G. PRICE.
8-6-3w

NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE RAILWAY COMPANY

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Week Days—7:35, 8:50 and each hour to 4:50

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White shoes for men, women and children

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Elevator: MARSH ST. Phone 208

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ALTON P. COGGESHALL
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ADMINISTRATION NOTICE

Newport, August 6th, 1921.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that she has been appointed by the Probate Court of the City of Newport, Administrator of the estate of LOUIS DAVID, late of said Newport, deceased, and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the Clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

MARION DAVID.
8-6-3w